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Pictures from Paris in
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Dedicated

WITH SENTIMENTS OF HIGH ESTEEM,

TO THE

HON. E. B. WASHBURNE,

AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS NOBLE BENEFICENCE
TOWARDS THE POOR OF PARIS,
WHOM HE AIDED WITHOUT REGARD TO NATIONALITY OR SECT,
PROVING HIMSELF THE FRIEND IN NEED
IN THE NATION'S DARKEST HOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR.

JUNE, 1871.

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PICTURES FROM PARIS

IN WAR AND IN SIEGE.

CHAPTER I.

"In these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."—MACBETH.

I WRITE of Paris*—the living, throbbing heart of France,—Paris, the seat of kingdoms, empires, consulships, dictators, and republics,—of Paris, in this sad phase of her history, as it might have been the proudest, as I shall attempt in these pages to prove.

* Written in March, 1871.

France in the spring of 1870 was in a flourishing state. Trade was prospering: art and science were attracting pupils from the world at large. Thousands of strangers were visiting Paris, and pouring their golden stores into her lap. The wealth and beauty of the universe thronged her wonderful thoroughfares, and added tribute to her rich possessions. France was gay, but not happy. She had reached the utmost pinnacle of greatness, and now the imperial eagle, finding no higher cliff beyond him in the skies, drooped his pinions. Why the French people should have desired war at such a time is and must remain a mystery.

With every wish to do strict justice to all, I cannot exonerate the French people from the charge of aggression. The weak and ridiculous grounds of insult (as the world comprehends) might have excused a quarrel between the Emperor of the French and the King of Prussia; but it cannot palliate the crime, by which thousands of

hearths and homes have been made desolate.

But this crime was not that of the Emperor. He was forced to respond to the maddened cry of the French people—"à Berlin! à Berlin!" For twenty years he had held the reins of power over a fickle, capricious and blood-thirsty people. But the time had now come when he knew it was useless to endeavour to restrain them; and, forced to accede to their wishes, he proclaimed war, and gave example of courage and self-sacrifice in leading forth the army, with his son beside him, to victory or death.

The Empress Eugénie as regent of France then took the reins of government, and by her unselfish loyalty to France proved herself worthy of the trust reposed in her. She resided at St. Cloud, but came to Paris almost daily, and received the ministry at the Tuileries. Neglecting nothing, interested in everything for the benefit or advantage of France, she devoted herself to the French people in numberless ways. Her interviews with ministers of foreign nations

were held with great dignity and reserve, and she never displayed want of confidence in the people, or their cause. Very little was known in Paris of events outside. Journals of one day announced the news of victory or defeat, and on the morrow contradicted themselves, nor could anything be relied upon.

Notwithstanding the soil was already tinged with the heart's blood of her sons, the capital still was gay. Strangers lingered at this shrine of pleasure, and the thronged boulevards were still full of animation. The Bois de Boulogne, Parc Monceaux, Buttes de Chaumont, the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg, and other resorts of amusement were open, and daily crowded with "lookers on in Verona."

The bands, however, which formerly regaled eager listeners were no longer heard, and the only music that greeted the ear was the sounds of strains of melody wafted from the *café-chantants* of the Champs Elysées — that delightful promenade, in which all ranks of society mingle, with

kindliness in the higher, and self-respect in the lower.

The French people are charitable, and in no place is this more evident than in Paris. Men and women alike stop to bestow alms; and they confer it with a grace much to be admired.

It is to be regretted, that a people possessing so many noble traits of character, should suffer themselves to fall into error through impetuosity and want of solidity of character. This was visible in everything planned or executed. When war was first declared they marched through the streets with banners flying and drums beating to the loud shout of "Vive l'Empereur!"

A foreigner would naturally inquire the cause of all this stir, or on what the public enthusiasm was based? or perhaps hint that the French people, or rather the Emperor, was not justifiable in declaring war. In a moment he was answered that he did not understand it at all; that the Emperor could do nothing less than declare war; that the French people had been insulted,

grossly insulted, and the only honourable means of settling matters was to resort to the battle-field. Then eyes would flash—moustaches tremble, and "each particular hair seem to stand on end," at the very remembrance of the Prussian insult. No one dared at this moment to pronounce the war a mistake, and whatever one thought, the most prudent policy was to speak of the step the French had taken as the wisest, best, and most upright means of arranging the difficulties.

At this time the Empress-Regent still possessed power and influence, and when the people became dissatisfied with Ollivier, (and he in consequence resigned his position), she appointed Count de Palikao, they seemed satisfied with her choice, and turned to other sources for fault-finding.

Up to the 15th of August a semblance of loyalty to the Empire existed in Paris, and the civic authorities had even commenced preparations for the annual fête of the Emperor, but were prevented from carrying out their intentions, by the Empress, who

wished the money to be used for other purposes, in the sad state of affairs. Yet the 15th of August, 1870, was observed as a holiday. Shops were closed, all business was suspended, and thousands of people were to be seen driving or walking in the Bois de Boulogne.

The fortifications had been already commenced, and many beautiful trees had been felled to give space for the necessary preparations for defence. Ominous signs were visible of the speedy fall of the Empire. "What a contrast to the magnificent spectacle of the fête of 1869!" remarked an American lady, who had been present on that occasion.

"I shall never forget the strange sight I beheld on the night of the 16th of August, 1869. I went out with a large party of friends to witness the illumination and fireworks, and we established ourselves on an elevated spot in a stone-yard near the Trocadero. It was a glorious moon-light night, and from the spot where we were seated, the rockets as they flew into the air seemed to

rise above the moon. Several beautiful scenes were represented in their garb of fire, but the last and most striking was a sheaf of wheat, said to contain ten thousand rockets. As the colours of this last chef d'œuvre faded, we sat watching the smoke curling upwards in fairy circles and weird forms. Suddenly, in mid-heaven, was figured the perfect bust of a man, as though sculptured in marble. There it remained for several minutes, and then our party, awed beyond expression, saw it slowly change into the bust of a woman and gently melt away."

A strange omen on the occasion of the last grand fête held in Paris in honour of the Emperor!

In August, 1870, the Empress presented a magnificent votive-lamp to the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, and according to her religious promptings sought the assistance of Divine aid for her unhappy country. Wherever her presence or her power was needed there she was ever to be found (surrounded by the noble ladies of France, and aided by Madame la Marechale de

Canrobert at their head) carrying out her plans for the comfort and benefit of the soldiers.

The high and low contributed and worked for day and night "Secours aux Blessés des nos Armées."

When the first news of a victory reached Paris, with touching accounts of the Prince Imperial's conduct, the whole city was one scene of enthusiasm. They even spoke of illuminating, and flags floated all day from windows and balconies. Crowds rushed through the streets, friends meeting shook hands heartily, affectionately congratulating each other, and exchanging assurances that the morning would furnish fresh tidings of joyful import.

Paris was still found attractive, more charming in its state of confusion than ever. Very few theatres were open, it is true, and I think "La Chatte Blanche" was among the last representations. Mademoiselle Sass drew crowded houses to hear her sing "La Marsellaise," her performance of which will hold as prominent a place in the remem-

brance of observers of the events of 1870, as the famous death-song of the Girondins of 1792, holds in the thrilling records of that period.

The galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, the Musée de Cluny, and the beautiful churches were still open to the tourist, and while these exist Paris will possess an unfailing interest. Above them all, in its simple but imposing elegance, towers the TOMB OF NAPOLEON. Rich in memories of splendour and glory it must ever hold supremacy. It is the Mecca of the warrior; and whether France be kingdom, empire or republic, she will blot the history of her most glorious past when she suffers this tomb to be defaced.

"Have you seen Napoleon's tomb?" is the first question asked by foreigners of each other, and then they add, "you should go there first and leave things of less importance to the last." The old soldier of the Invalides who guided them around pointed with pride to the tattered standards which draped the walls. An American lady remarked to

him, "I perceive you have trophies here of all countries, but none from mine." He responded, "No, madame, not a single star."

Every one seemed anxious to see Paris in martial attire, and strangers hurried through the city, visiting every place of note.

The sunset of France was at hand, and crowds from the four quarters of the globe gathered to witness its fading splendour. How lovingly its radiance rested on the spires, domes, pinnacles, and arches of the superb city! Let us step aside, just behind the group of statuary near the entrance to the bridge, and listen to the voice of the beautiful river.

"What a man soweth, that also shall he reap," applies of course to combinations of men as to individuals; that which a family, a nation, or race sows, that also shall it reap. The individual occupies but a small portion of time and space, and retribution overtakes him within a brief period. The nation occupies a larger space, and its deeds take a longer time for execution; genera-

tions may pass away whilst it is performing one act. This act, however, is not, and cannot be rendered void of results. There is another principle which perhaps still more clearly identifies the sowers with those who reap the fruits of national deeds —one in which the law of cause and effect may be more fully traced. All actions, whether individual or national, educate those who do them or suffer them; and the characters thus formed are transmitted and propagated until in all fitness the inheritors of them render and receive compensation. Men disdain to think of the effects of their deeds on their remote descendants, but whilst they are asleep the eternal laws which govern the universe are always at work; while they are busy with their own petty plots, these laws are silently but steadily carrying their deeds into a channel of their own, not to be lost, though seemingly forgotten, but to be turned up in their inevitable consequences, and with their characters stamped upon them, to bless or to curse those who inherit them.

"Yes," we respond to the spirit of the Seine, "what a man soweth that also shall he reap;" and as we cross the bridge leading to the Place de la Concorde, and cast our eyes up and down the now silent stream, we have before us the cause and effect in the very names which time has left unchanged to mark the spots where these seeds were strewn.

Every page of the history of France points to deeds which have long cried aloud for vengeance on her children. Peace sought for twenty years to form a home amongst these people, and only plumed her wings for flight when she had made Paris the pride of the universe.

But let us not pause here to ponder on her greatness, the whole educated world knows what it was. Let us keep her in sight as she madly rushes to ruin, decay, and—dare I say?—future oblivion. God forbid! See Paris: her step is firm, her air defiant! She is drunk with her old glory, and girds on the sword and buckler confident of victory. She lies down to rest

undisturbed by dreams of failure. She is powerful—invincible. The precautions she takes for defence are not necessary, it is merely a form consequent upon the declaration of war. Thirty days at farthest is looked upon by this confident people as the length required to settle difficulties, and to administer to the Prussians the necessary chastisement. Paris, thus satisfied, smiles complacently, and lounges on the boulevards.

This is a fair sketch of Paris in July, 1870, when she first met my gaze in her martial attire. The picture will be readily recognized by her slightest acquaintance of that period. Ignoring the danger which menaced their city, the Parisians treated the Prussion invasion with indifference or contempt.

CHAPTER II.

ON a bright summer morning in 1870, I with a party of friends embarked on board a small river steamer, and seating ourselves under the awning, were soon on our way to St. Cloud. Not a cloud was in the sky. Beautiful dwellings on green declivities bordered the river-side. It was Sunday, and on our arrival at the village, we found others like ourselves hurrying on towards the palace. There were several guards at the entrance, and on our venturing to ask some question in reference to the palace and its state of defence in case it was attacked, one of the guards replied:

"The Prussians shall never enter here."

"I hope not," I responded, as another guard in an under tone remarked to a lady of our party:

"Do you hear that man? he is a Prussian himself, enlisted in our army."

We of course did not question the sincerity of the Prussian, knowing how great is the zeal of converts. We were indebted to both for valuable information in relation to the palace and grounds. We visited the village, and entering the beautiful chapel, we heard a portion of the service. On returning to the grounds to see the fountains play, we were doomed to disappointment—"Les Grandes Eaux" did not play.

The chief interest of St. Cloud seems to be its historic associations with the Napoleon family. It was here the *coup d'état* of the 10th of November was effected, which placed Buonaparte at the head of the government of France. It was always a favourite residence of Napoleon the First, and though built as a private residence for a wealthy banker (Jerome de Gondy), it became the

property successively of bishops, dukes, kings, queens, and emperors. The palace commands a beautiful view of Paris. The exterior is simply sculptured, not at all imposing, and the columns of the central compartment Corinthian. Fine statues, representing Commerce and Agriculture, stand at the entrance to the court. The interior boasts many fine works of the chisel and pencil. The grand vestibule presents recumbent marble statues of Venus and Psyche (by Hugenin), and the last statue of Pradier—his famous Sappho. The grand staircase is adorned by Muller's picture representing the reception of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert by the Emperor and Empress, in 1855. We pass on through the vestibule, adorned with historic paintings, into the Salon de Mars, highly ornamented by mythological scenes and characters. Over the chimney-piece in this room is the equestrian portrait of Napoleon I., by Gros. A chandelier, with bronze genii, supporting eagles, furniture of elegant workmanship, and Beauvais tapestry, com-

plete our view here, and we enter next the Galerie d'Appollon, where the works of a great number of modern artists are displayed. Then on to the Salon de Diane, consisting principally of portraits, the best that of Louis XIV., by Badin.

After visiting the pretty little chapel of Ionic and Doric design, we return to the Salon de Mars, and thence pass into the following suite of rooms, which occupy the whole front of the palace. Salon de Venus:—here we find the busts of Madame Letitia, and of the father of Napoleon I. The Florentine mosaics and Gobelins tapestry in this room are superb, and are continued on to the Salon de Minerve and Mercure, through the Salon de l'Aurore. The tapestries represent the history of Marie de Medicis, from the paintings of Rubens in the Louvre. The private apartments of the Emperor and Empress were not visible, but they were those occupied in 1855 by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and are said to be very handsome. With earlier remembrances of this suite we find the name of the Duchess

de Berry, and subsequently the Duchess d'Orleans.

The Parc Réservé contains flower-gardens, coverts of deer, clear sheets of water, and beautiful statues. A charming walk through this park brings us to Villeneuve l'Etang, owned by Napoleon III., formerly the property of the Duchess d'Angoûléme. A weeping willow—a cutting from the celebrated tree at St. Helena—was planted here in 1853. It had been brought to France by the Prince de Joinville in 1840, when the remains of the Emperor were carried back to France.

Montretout is an elevated park studded with villas, and further on is Fouilleuse, the Emperor's farm, which we had not time to visit. We drove around the park to the principal views. The cascade is the joint work of Lepantre and Mansard, and is divided into the Haute Cascade, and the Basse Cascade. The Seine and Marne (by Adams) are represented reposing on the urn, from which water issues. Flights of steps descend from this, supporting urns

and tablets, from which water falls into a system of basins, the last supplying the lower cascade, which is separated by the "Allée du Tillet," which, when the waters are not playing, is a fine promenade, affording a view of the grand avenue of chestnut-trees, and the woods and river below. The grand jet d'eau, or jet géant, rises to 140 feet, and throws up five hundred gallons per minute.

The Lantern of Demosthenes, from a cast of that at Athens, was erected in this park by order of Napoleon I. It is a square tower, supported by Corinthian columns, and commands a view of Paris and its environs. The fête of St. Cloud is held on the 7th of September. It is widely celebrated, and attracts large crowds. And now we enter the boat, and bid good-by to St. Cloud.

The swimming schools of the Seine are extensively patronised in summer. They are constructed like the canal-boats or flat-boats on the Mississippi, which descend

from the Western States laden with products for the Southern markets.

The following Sunday found us on our way to Versailles. On this occasion the morning, too, was glorious, and we reached the station of St. Lazare, and took the train, all in high spirits, for a day of sight-seeing. Anxious to have a good view of the surrounding country, I took a seat in company with a gentleman on the roof, or, as it is here called, Imperiale, and was soon speeding on towards Versailles.

All the country through which we passed smiled with prosperity. Almost every style of architecture greeted our view; fruits and flowers hung upon the trees, shrubs, and vines. Entering a carriage at the terminus, we drove first to the Grand Trianon. This villa was built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. It is one storey in height, and in the Italian style of architecture.

It would be a vain attempt to describe this beautiful place, the favourite residence of so many celebrities. Passing through

apartments the beauty and exquisite decorations of which are too elaborate for special notice, we entered the royal bed-room, once occupied by the Empress Josephine. Here we stopped for a few moments to look at the rich hangings of crimson velvet and elegant curtains around the bed, which latter is separated from the chamber by a gilt balustrade.

Here I would willingly have lingered, as the objects around recalled many incidents of the past and of the high-souled lady who had by her grace and beauty won the love and esteem of the Hero of Heroes. But as I could not enchain time, I was forced to follow my party, who were hurrying on to the Petit Trianon.

En passant we entered the building containing the state carriages. Here we were shown the magnificent equipage used by the Emperor and Empress on the occasion of their marriage. The most superb is that of Charles X., intended for his occupation at his coronation. It is lined with crimson velvet embroidered in gold, and its exterior

is unsurpassed for tasteful carving and ornament.

The carriage which most interested me, however, was that of Napoleon I.

We next visited the Petit Trianon. It did not take us a great while to see this historic and romantic spot, more enriched by its memories of Marie Antoinette than the palace by its precious art treasures.

The Swiss village, erected by the Queen, is the most charming and lovely of retreats. The laiterie, or dairy, with its marble shelves is still to be seen, and the observatory just above it, with its staircase wreathed in jessamine vines, as verdant and fresh as when the unfortunate queen's fair hands first trained them.

I could have wandered through the woods for hours, and could have peopled them with the spirits of the noble dead evoked by my sympathy with the past; but the palace had to be visited. All of beauty, splendour, or magnificence in ornament which we had heretofore seen faded into insignificance in comparison with the

interior of the Palace of Versailles. We were ushered from one apartment to another, each more rare and startling in its wealth of sculpture and painting than the other.

We could not stop to make each picture or statue a study, but I must mention a few which commanded more than a casual glance. Horace Vernet's celebrated picture of the "Surprise of Abdel-Kader," the "Battle of Fontenoy," David's pictures of the "Coronation of Napoleon," and the "Distribution of the Eagles to the Legions;" also the "Battles of Solferino and Magenta."

The Salle des Croisades are a series of rooms upon whose walls are illustrated the battles fought in the Holy Land. The King of Jerusalem, as Godfrey de Bouillon is termed, is represented surrounded by the brave knights who fought with him in the sacred cause.

Among the statuary, which we would fain have had a longer time to observe, were "Italy saluting France," "Joan of

Arc," by Marie d'Orleans (Duchesse de Wurtembourg), "Napoleon Dying" (by Vela), purchased at the Exhibition of 1867 for 25,000 francs, and which was transferred from the grand vestibule at St. Cloud to the elegant hall, where (surrounded by busts and statues of illustrious members of his family) it forms the chief attraction. The Emperor is seated in an arm-chair, supported by pillows, a cotton-wool quilt lies over his knees, a map is spread open before him, and his dying eyes are riveted upon the scenes of his conquests.

We visited a museum at Versailles, and though there is much in its architecture to claim a lengthy inspection, we scarcely stopped to look upon the rooms, the time being brief for even a glimpse at the contents. However, when we reached the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. we rested for a few moments to think of the life of the "Great Monarch." The bed whereon he died is still shown, and the remembrance of his life of frailty and magnificence survives.

To Louis XIV. is attributable the early grandeur and beauty of Versailles, and to Napoleon I. and Louis Philippe its preservation from decay. The architecture is fine and harmonious, and when we leave the halls to saunter in the grounds outside we are impressed with the immense extent we have passed over.

It is said the paintings alone, if placed in a direct line, would measure fifteen miles. We draw a sigh of relief when, after walking through chambers of statuary over polished floors, we emerge upon the green grass and seat ourselves beside a fountain; but the loveliness of the scene woos us from our repose, and when the fountains burst forth like legions of phantoms upon our view, the fairy spectacle becomes indescribably beautiful.

The "Bassin de Neptune" is the most splendid of all the fountains, next the "Bassin d'Apollon," situated at the extremity of the Allée du Tapis Vert. Of the less but still beautiful fountains I have

not space for mention, but the "Bassin d'Encelade" must not be omitted.

An acquaintance had advised me, on visiting Versailles, to search for the fountain of "The Man in the Mud." Though we walked around the grounds for hours, I could see nothing resembling the "Man in the Mud.". Suddenly, however, while walking up an avenue, we came upon the "Bassin d'Encelade," and I had found her hero, for it presents a better likeness of mud than rocks or stones.

Satisfied with my day of sight-seeing, I returned with our party to Paris, wearied, but bearing with me from the grand old palace and grounds a store of rich, but sad, memories.

CHAPTER III.

FALL OF THE EMPIRE.—BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC.—4TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE absence of all official news relative to the state of affairs at the seat of war, together with the subdued expression and sad appearance of all parties having access to the members of the Corps Legislatif, prepared all Paris to some extent for the inexpressibly sad intelligence proclaimed in the city on the morning of the 4th of September, when upon this portentous calm burst the astounding intelligence of the capture of the Emperor, the surrender of Mac Mahon's army, and the probable death of the marshal!

The despair of the citizens of Paris cannot be conceived. They seemed stunned,

paralyzed, speechless. This numbness lasted awhile, and then, in the bitterness of defeat, they rushed into the street, crying out "Déchéance! déchéance!" as the only balm for their wounded pride. The glory of France had departed—the prestige of the French army was destroyed. Though much better prepared than the people for the news of the defeat of Sedan, the announcement fell heavily upon a portion of the senators.

The Emperor had indeed made a great mistake, but he still possessed warm friends willing to forgive an error at so late a date in his life, for the sake of the glorious deeds of the earlier part of his reign. There were those still wise enough to remember that no sane man would prove traitor to his own interest; and that the success, honour, and glory of France was Napoleon's interest, no one can doubt for a moment. Let me here inscribe the names of two who were aware of this fact, and mindful of it in Napoleon's dark hour. I quote their own expressions, and I trust they may always be remembered

as faithful subjects and friends, by the loyal-hearted.

When the news of the defeat of Sedan was proclaimed in the senate, M. de Charbrier arose and said : " If the Emperor had been victorious, I should have applauded with every one else. He has fallen nobly, and I will continue to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!'" The cry was taken up by M. Rouher, and repeated by a certain number of the senators.

Scarcely had the Corps Legislatif assembled on the morning of the 4th, to consider the best means to be adopted for the preservation of the country, when the chamber was invaded by the people crying out for a Republic. The Right of the chamber, and in fact the greater number of the deputies, left the room precipitately on the entrance of the mob, when M. Gambetta arose, and requested the intruders to respect the liberty of legislative deliberations. He was not heeded however, and with loud cries and furious gestures the deposition of the Emperor was demanded. That no other terms

than these would avail was evident, and M. Gambetta proclaimed the deposition of the dynasty, and then with the Left and the people, proceeded to the Hotel de Ville, where the Provisional Government, with General Trochu at its head, was inaugurated. MM. J. Favre, Gambetta, Ferry, Crémieux, Picard, and other notables, constituted the self-elected body of men, who, with admirable courage and audacity, seized the helm of the ship of state, foundering amid the storm they themselves had assisted to raise. The moment had arrived when the personal enemies of the Emperor could take credit for their far-seeing policy, in having opposed or condemned upon all occasions the action of the Imperial Government. Their hour for action had now arrived. All the dearest feelings of a Frenchman's heart were wounded.

The head of the state was a prisoner, and 80,000 French soldiers had surrendered! Infuriated by these disasters, the vast multitude marched to the Tuileries, shouting "Vive la Republique," "Vive la

France!" The great gates of the garden in front of the Place de la Concorde were forced open, and the eagles which ornamented the iron railings were broken down in the presence of a guard of Zouaves.

The column of invaders was headed by the Mobile Guard, the National Guard, and the "people," who fraternized on this occasion. This long and motley legion which wound its way through the grounds up to the palace beggars description. Men, women, and children joined in this demonstration.

Soldiers and citizens exhibited in their wrath equal violence, and on, on swept the infuriated mass, while lookers-on grew pale in anticipation of a renewal of the unhappy events of 1793.

As they approached the palace, the safety of the Empress (whose movements were known only to *habitués* of the palace) became the object of concern to all.

This was a time of suspense in which hearts stood still, or throbbed for the safety of the noble courageous lady who had been

so true to France in her darkest hour. Not only the eyes of women grew dim, but men wept like children as they pictured the Empress alone in her misfortunes—her husband a prisoner, her son a wanderer, she knew not where, and she herself at the mercy of a lawless populace, who sought her overthrow, her banishment, perhaps even her life.

The Empress, however, had many friends, and these were not confined to her subjects. On this ever memorable day, as the few Americans remaining at our hotel gathered together on the balcony to watch and await results, one could discern in every face present anxiety for her.

As the people approached nearer and nearer to the Tuileries, and the continued "vivas" floated to our ears, we all hoped Eugénie had not dared the fate of Marie Antoinette, or trusted herself to a merciless enemy, who had proved itself before the events of this day insane and bloodthirsty.

"Can it be possible that there is a man, or party of men in France, base enough to

harm the Empress?" was said by an aged gentleman, as we looked upon the maddened crowd beneath.

Yet history points with scorn to the fact that the good and the beautiful, the pure and charitable, the young and the aged, the guilty and guiltless of the female sex have perished by the will of a nation that *has presumed for ages to term itself the most civilized, as well as most gallant, of the world!*

It was no fancied picture we drew of the might be of the question. As the people surged onward we saw the same spirit manifested that in 1793 deluged the Place de la Concorde with blood, and the blood of the conspirators and murderers of that period flowed in the veins of many of those upon whose lips to-day the words Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité seemed like profanation.

The scene was one never to be forgotten. As far as the eye could see on either hand up or down the streets, carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians struggled on towards

the Tuileries. Officers on foot, or mounted on splendid horses, pressed through the motley throng. Ever and anon arose the cry "Vive la Republique!" which was caught up by the people as they saluted each other. All who did not respond with a hearty cheer to the exclamation were regarded as enemies and treated accordingly.

It was terrible to see the officers as they passed along arrested by the crowd, and greeted with "Vive la Republique." Raising their hats some would reply "Vive la France," and by this adroit response be permitted to pass on true to the Empire and to France. Others with less wit, would pale before the infuriated crowd and almost gasp forth "Vive la Republique," as if the words cost them conscious loss of honour and all things held dear.

The following scene was enacted before my eyes, and I became so excited by it, that I withdrew from the balcony, and cast myself upon a sofa weeping.

I do not know the name of the brave man, the hero of the following anecdote. But, just as a long and loud "viva" burst upon our ears, and the crowd in the Tuileries gardens pressed through the gates (now thrown open by the guard) into the Rue de Rivoli, an officer of distinguished mien, whose appearance indicated fifty years of age, rode rapidly from the Rue de Rivoli into the Rue Castiglione, at the moment when the passions of the vast multitude were at their height. "Vive la Republique!" shouted a party of men in blouses, who at the same time caught at the bridle of his horse.

Calmly he loosened their hold on his steed, and slowly, very slowly, rode on through the thickening ranks. "Vive la Republique!" they vociferated. Not a word did he answer, but smiling on them with lips wreathed in ineffable scorn, he grasped the bridle firmly, and undauntedly passed onward.

The horse partaking of the spirit of his master, elevated his ears, and curveting

bore his rider through, unharmed by any of the missiles that flew thick as hail around him. The burst of admiration which greeted this act, and the enthusiastic expressions of our party over the noble conduct of this soldier of the Empire closed the most interesting incident of the day. My sole regret is not to be able to ascertain his name. He was evidently of high rank.

Had the Empress had a few such men in command of her troops and palace, she would not have had to leave her country as a fugitive. She stood by her subjects until the morning of the 4th, when, abandoned by the troops, she resigned herself to the sad necessity of quitting the palace in disguise.

The Empress is a woman of whom a nation might well be proud. Her devotion to the French people, in all periods of affliction, her most bitter enemies must admit. Her example was followed by her ladies, and never has a nobler spirit of kindness and generosity been evinced than that which

marked the conduct of the ladies who formed the Imperial Court of the Tuileries. I will add, that had those in command been true to the Empire, the overthrow of the dynasty might have been averted. In Paris, not at Sedan, lay the real treason.

The Republic, though proclaimed, was never the will of the people. They desired a change, and this form of government was suggested by the one party who were ready to enforce their wishes with more weighty weapons than logic. The printed banners carried by the Garde Mobile through the streets one hour (or less, perhaps,) after the Republic was declared, proved that the new government was no sudden result resolved upon by the leaders in consequence of the disasters of Sedan. The same spirit was manifested that actuated those in power to allow marauders to parade the streets, insulting private citizens, tearing down all insignia of nobility, committing acts in this hour of misfortune that would be pronounced ridiculous and contemptible, if in-

dulged in by schoolboys. They tore down all the eagles; they erased or daubed with filth the N.'s and E.'s; they flung down statues and stopped all emblazoned carriages. The Spanish Consul suffered this last indignity, and narrowly escaped being killed.

Just beneath our balcony the crowd of senseless rioters, with cries of "Vive la Republique!" forced a poor hair-dresser to break down the golden eagle supporting his sign dedicated to "S. A. Imperiale la Grande Duchesse de Bade." The fragments of the eagle lay upon the pavement but a moment, for the few Americans who witnessed the scene knew more of the history of the imperial eagle than the French, who are ever ungrateful and forgetful of the deeds of their great men. A gentleman of our party hastily descended, and gathering up the pieces returned and presented each of us with a fragment as a souvenir. I regard this as one of my treasures.

Next in honour came the sergeants-de-ville; for it is the spirit of inferiority which

these people feel that excites their jealousy and causes them to commit such outrages upon all elevated in rank above them.

The poor sergeants-de-ville made an effort to remain faithful, but they had their swords snatched from them, thrown into the Seine, or broken in pieces. Yet amidst all this excitement, be it remembered in favour of the French mob, that not one word was uttered against the Empress. Her goodness and purity were silently acknowledged at this moment—perhaps the highest tribute ever paid to a fallen sovereign by the French nation.

The appearance of the city became more quiet towards four o'clock, and as people entered the hotel, we questioned them eagerly as to the state of affairs outside. To our great relief we learned the Empress had left the palace that morning, and that when the crowd reached the Tuileries they found only deserted halls, saloons, and chambers. We had heard it positively asserted, that she was in the palace at twelve o'clock. And yet where could she

have gone? If she had left after this hour it must have been in the midst of the most thrilling scenes of the day. Of her whereabouts none knew except confidential friends.

In our hearts we prayed for her safety—prayed the crown of thorns she had worn for weeks might yet be exchanged for one of triumph, when, on some future day, the French people, appreciating the nobleness of her character, should recall her to the throne.

Perhaps this prayer is vain; it is not the less sincere, and all would have been convinced of its fervency who were present at the dinner-table on the 4th of September. Our party entered the dining-room sans cérémonie, and amidst perfect silence seated themselves.

Not a word broke its stillness, every eye was dim. Had each one lost his best friend he could not have appeared more bowed down with grief. The waiters passed around like automatons, and we looked in their faces to read if the Re-

public was their desire; but we saw no evidence of it, on the contrary they seemed to sympathise with the Imperial family.

After dinner we seated ourselves upon the balcony, determined to watch the events of the night.

Quiet was restored, and only now and then a faint "Vive la Republique!" reached our ears. The passers-by went on their way, unconcerned, as usual. The Tuileries Gardens were open, and hundreds were calmly walking through the grounds in the scene of the morning's excitement. The lamp-lighters went on their round of duty. The Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Castiglione with their chains of light were soon ablaze. The stars came out, and went silently on their course, unmindful of men's work below.

Faint, indeed, very faint, were the greetings that ushered in the Republic.

The funeral of the Empire was solemnly attended. Before it was dead perhaps it had its enemies, but when it no longer breathed and the pall of certainty of its non-existence

rested over it, then hearts bowed down in bitterness of regret beside it, and the pangs of remorse struck deep and strong.

Silent and grand in attitude, Paris mourned the Empire in the sighs and tears of thousands of her best and noblest.

The Republic, like an intruder, was saluted, but not welcomed.

In my own country I had been familiarized with her aspect as she stands in her flowing garments, her cap of liberty on her brow. She has there room for her majestic strides—she has there voices that answer to her call—she has there unity of action when she commands—she has there plenitude of health and strength—she has there a people of decision and character. She sounds the tocsin of alarm, and they gather round her, beneath her glorious banner, the famed "Stars and Stripes." Her temple is Freedom, and the winds of heaven her messengers. Her couriers her thoughts, which speed on the wings of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

Thus, you will not be surprised to learn

I failed to recognise her on this side of the Atlantic, shrunken, haggard, and wild, as she met my view. Her garments dripping with blood: her cap of liberty a crimson rag, wound round her head in turban-style, had a most disreputable and unbecoming air. Her gait was wanton, and her language maudlin. Her voice a brazen trumpet, full of blatant sound.

Her watchwords, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, thus exemplified:—Liberty, a freedom of action that would restore the reign of Terror; Equality, that would make friend and brother of the herd in common; Fraternity, that would place the good and virtuous on a level with the evil and vicious.

This is the signification here of words, that in my own country mean:—Liberty of opinion which does not outrage God or man; Equality, where the worthy of deed or intellect may attain the highest rank; and Fraternity, a common brotherhood to support and sustain the other two. You will admit I did right to disclaim acquaint-

ance with this impostor, and to exert my logical powers, to convince the credulous French people, that she was not the Goddess of Liberty as she is known in America.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

THE field of battle, which on the 1st of September, 1870, witnessed one of the greatest struggles of modern times, is a long, narrow tongue of land lying between the frontier of Belgium on the north, the borders of Chiers and the Meuse on the south, Carignan on the east, Sedan being in the centre with Mézieres and Charleville in the distance.

On this side France is separated from the ancient duchy of Bouillon which since 1815 had become a Belgian province, by a line of hills which covers the front of the Ardennes. This forest, one of the most beautiful in the north-east of France, is divided into a line of woods, each bearing a particular name. On the east below Carignan, coming

towards Mézieres, first comes the wood of Pourru, then that of Francheval, the Fortare-du-Dos des Loups, the woods of Daigny, of Sedan, of Floing, the wood of Grand Canton, and last, the woods of Condé and Mazarin which face Mézieres. The hills which cover these woods descend in gentle slopes towards Chiers, then towards the Meuse after the confluence of these two rivers.

Several mountain-brooks coming from these woods form a sort of furrow on the slopes of these hills, small shallower gorges following the same direction, north or east of the mountain, or south or east of the river. In each of these latter is concealed one or two villages, with outlying windmills and manufactories.

Each little stream bears the name of the wood from which it flows. It is the brook of Pourru which casts itself into Chiers coming from the wood of Pourru. It is the brook of Francheval that falls into Chiers coming from the woods of Francheval. On the west of Sedan, the brook

of Floing casts itself into the Meuse close to the wood of Floing. In the valley on the edge of Chiers and the Meuse are the more important villages. To the east, towards Sedan, is Danzy, an old village of the twelfth century, with its spinning-manufactories, forges, sugar-house, and paper-mills. Four kilometres lower down, near the confluence of Chiers and the Meuse is Bazeilles, a large city full of memories of Turenne, who here passed his infancy in a château, now transformed into a manufactory.

Westward of Sedan is the important village of Floing, and the hamlet of Cazal on the borders of the Meuse. Entirely to the west, in the same position with respect to Sedan that St. Cloud holds to Paris, is the large and beautiful village of Donchéry with a bridge over the Meuse.

The possession of these different places was the object of the desperate struggle of the 1st of September, and there now remain only their ruins.

The disposition of the troops before the

great battle of the 1st of September, was as follows :

The Bavarian corps, under the command of General Von der Tann, occupied the eastern extremity of the field. The Bavarians had their centre between the village of Douzy, which they occupied, and that of Bazeilles; their left rested on the Chiers. The heights above Douzy and Bazeilles were occupied by the Saxon corps, commanded by the Crown Prince of Saxony; their lines extended to the edge of the woods of Daigny. Near the little village of Givonne was the Prussian Royal Guard.

Towards the western extremity of the field of battle, westward of Sedan, the heights which crown the valley of the Meuse were occupied by the fifth and eleventh corps. The corps of Wurtemburghers occupied Donchéry; their mission was to prevent the French troops who were coming from the side of Mézières from rallying to the corps of MacMahon. The Prussians, informed of the march of General Vinoy, feared that he might arrive in the midst of

the fight, and the Wurtemburghers were instructed to stop him. The division of cavalry under Comte de Stolberg were posted in the plain of Donchéry. The heights on the left were occupied by the Bavarians.

During the whole day the King of Prussia observed these heights closely, but the enemy's troops on the left took no part in the action, and it suffices to mention their presence.

MacMahon, who had fought on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, and whose troops were fatigued, had now come face to face with the Bavarians; the centre was in position on a hill which overlooks the valley of Givonne, and is covered with small thickets called the woods of Garenne. The left wing covered the heights of Isly, which face those of Floing.

The plan of General Moltke was to shut the French into Sedan and gradually to contract the circle formed around them. They had not sufficient time to occupy the heights of the forest of the Ardennes, or

the woods which overlooked the valleys of Chiers and the Meuse. The Saxon troops came down upon the small villages and drove the French battalions into the Meuse, which, the Bavarians keeping the left bank, even as far as Sedan, could not have held long. The Bavarians closed the route against the French troops in the event of their attempting to escape towards Montmédy by the valley of Chiers.

On the morning of the 1st of September, the field of battle was covered by a thick fog—a favourable occurrence for the Prussians, for their movements were thus hidden from MacMahon. The number of troops engaged on either side is not exactly known: the French forces probably amounted to 130,000 men; the Prussian forces at least to 300,000. As to the artillery, the French had, according to the Prussian journals, only 180 field-pieces, and 150 cannon on the ramparts of Sedan.

At 5 o'clock, by the first light of day, the Bavarians opened fire against the right wing of the French army. They had received

orders to deliver battle on this side, so that the Saxon troops posted on the heights might support the action.

General Von der Tann was impatient to commence the struggle; he feared perhaps to be forestalled by MacMahon, whose plan might be to force the lines at this point, to regain Carignon, and reach Montmédy. However that may be, the attack of the Bavarians commenced with day-light, before the moment fixed upon.

Napoleon III. mounted his horse at six o'clock and went towards Bazeilles; Mac Mahon was there already. A very lively cannonade was now opened between the Bavarians and the French artillery. Towards seven o'clock the morning fog dispersed. The French saw that only the Bavarians were opposing them on the borders of the Chiers. They perceived the Prussian lines deploying on their left and on the heights which they overlooked, shutting them out from the possibility of an eventual retreat into Belgium.

The day commenced, and already the

aspect of the field of battle and of the heights occupied by the Prussians showed they had the advantage in superiority of forces. It was at this moment precisely, when all the decision and intrepidity of Marshal MacMahon were most urgently required, that he was wounded, and it was necessary to carry him off the field of battle. In default of Marshal MacMahon the command devolved upon General Ducrot. General Wimpffen presented a folded sealed paper, which conferred the command on him. This was the last act of Napoleon's personal government.

General Wimpffen had been summoned from Algeria to place himself at the head of the fifth corps of the army of the Rhine; he had taken the first boat to Oran, and travelling night and day arrived in Paris on Sunday morning, the 26th instant. He had been almost all day in conference with General Palikao at Paris, and left in great haste for Charleville, where he rejoined the army on the 30th, and was present at the battle of the 31st. On the morning of the

1st he had conceived but little hope; he already foresaw the capitulation which became necessary in the evening, and was indignant to think that his name should remain attached to a remembrance of defeat. Such were the auspices under which General Wimpffen took command of the army.

The Bavarians profited by the discouragement of the French,—resulting from the wound of Marshal MacMahon, which in an instant was known to the whole army,—to push on and seize the approaches to the village of Bazeilles.

A party of their reserve was posted on the left bank of the Meuse, but they were in communication with those on the bridge of Douzy, the stone bridge on the road from Mouzon, and the railroad bridge between Mézières and Metz—bridges which the engineer officers had taken the precaution to weaken, but which they had neglected afterwards to destroy. Thus the Bavarians crossed to the other side, and were reinforced by new troops, which, pass-

ing the Chiers to Douzy, came up to support the principal corps engaged. The Bavarians soon found additional help. The corps of Saxons who were posted on the heights, commenced firing on the flank of the French troops. It was only nine o'clock, but the issue was already no longer doubtful. It was then that, according to some accounts, Napoleon III. placed himself at the head of the attacking column, and declaring he would serve only as a common soldier, marched against the Bavarians.

The artillery on the heights was by this time making frightful havoc. The shells and balls rained around him who was yet Emperor. A shell burst near him, and covered him with smoke and dust. Some officers of his staff who had followed him, insisted that he should retire : he consented, and towards ten o'clock he entered Sedan, not by the gate of Montmédy, but by the gate of Paris, after having made the tour of the place.

According to other accounts, Napoleon wished to sacrifice a life to which he could

no longer cling. He advanced towards one of the most exposed places, under fire of shells and mitrailleuses; but within two hundred yards of the spot he was persuaded by the entreaties of his suite, and turning his horse, he rode into Sedan.

After Napoleon III. retired, there was a moment of hope. General Wimpffen had posted his infantry in the houses of Bazeilles, and the artillery at different points of the village. The unhappy town served as a sort of redoubt. The inhabitants were forced into the defence, and a well-sustained fire subjected the Bavarians to a considerable loss. The marine infantry here rendered great service. Their good discipline, precision of aim, and bravery, were much admired by the Prussian generals.

For a moment the Bavarians lost ground, and three divisions, which had been engaged since four o'clock in the morning, fell back on Douzy. At the same time the French troops made an offensive and very energetic movement to drive the Saxons from the heights, from which they were di-

recting a terrible and overwhelming fire on all those parts of the valley occupied by the French. The effort was admirable. The heights on which the Saxon corps and Prussian guard were posted were steep, and covered with wood to their summits; but the French soldiers attempted to scale them with admirable boldness. On the following day the correspondent of the *Times* going over the battle-field, here found traces of a truly superhuman struggle.

It was now eleven o'clock. A vague hope sustained the energy of the French troops. Each moment on this cruel morning, the 1st of September, they imagined Bazaine would come up, that he would carry the position of the Bavarians, and open the route to Metz. Others believed that Vinoy could come by way of Mézières.

These illusions could not last long. General Moltke was reserving a surprise for the French troops; but it was not like the arrival of Blucher on the field of Waterloo. Profiting by the fogs of the morning, the Crown Prince had, unperceived by the

French, crossed the Meuse above Donchéry, and by a rapid march had gained the heights overlooking the left bank of the Meuse. He arrived to complete the investment of Sedan, and the troops assembled under the ramparts of that city. By twelve o'clock the success of these bold and skilful operations was complete.

From the east to the west the heights overlooking Sedan to the north were covered by an uninterrupted line of the German troops, and crested with formidable artillery. North of Sedan, towards the east, is a hill whose western slope descends to the Meuse. On the summit is a small plain, called the plateau of Floing. Floing is a village, consisting of twenty houses. This hill is twelve or fifteen hundred yards from Sedan, and may be reached by a road which follows the bank of the Meuse westwardly.

It was by this road that the Crown Prince, covered by the Wurtemburgh troops and the cavalry of Stolberg camped at Donchéry, attained the heights of Floing.

When the French generals became aware of the arrival of the Crown Prince on these heights, they perceived that it was necessary at any cost to regain this precious position. They accordingly posted some regiments of infantry in front of Floing, and in a ravine (at the bottom of which runs the small brook of Floing), they placed the cuirassiers.

The Prussians, when they had passed Floing, had shown themselves to be bad marksmen. They commenced firing, and were answered by a brisk and well-directed fire of musketry. On this the Prussian soldiers fell back, and others took their place. Suddenly the cuirassiers who were in the bottom began to move, and in perfect order ascended the reverse of the plateau of Floing. The Prussians were surprised by this charge : those who were not yet in position on the plateau hurriedly ran down into the houses at Floing —those already on the plateau were swept down by the cuirassiers. The heights were literally full. Unhappily the cuirassiers

could not remain; they descended towards Floing, and plunged into the gardens surrounding the village.

The Prussian infantry, concealed behind the little walls in the gardens, opened fire upon the French cavalry, which promptly exterminated them. The Prussian infantry falling upon them, passed over the bodies of the horses and men, their line once more crowning the plateau. The fusillade on the French side was resumed. The Prussian marksmen were rather unsteady under this fire. When it ceased, a second charge of cuirassiers was admirably executed. The Prussians tried to form in square, but they could not achieve this movement, and a great number were cut down by our cuirassiers.

While the marksmen awaited the charge of the cuirassiers, at the cost of their lives, the Prussian foot-soldiers formed in line. The cavalry charged this line, and were met at the distance of two hundred yards by a tremendous fire, under which they advanced bravely to their destruction.

In front of this murderous infantry lay a mass of black, white, and grey horses, struggling and bleeding—a terrace of dead —of dying and dismounted horsemen. "Never," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "was beheld a more complete destruction of a finer body of cavalry." They were not yet exhausted. A second corps, this time of light cavalry, advanced slowly from the bottom of Floing; but they were swept down long before they reached the Prussian ranks. The dismounted officers ran boldly up to the lines of Prussian infantry, and were killed.

Instantly the Prussians advanced, trampling under foot the mass of men and horses, and attacked the French infantry who, screened behind a buttress, responded by a well-sustained fire. Then a terrific struggle began between the Prussian infantry, and the infantry and cavalry of the French. The Prussians advanced a battery, and posted it; then the French lines commenced to give way. If their infantry had been supported by artillery, they would

have held out a long time, but without help it became useless to resist. The retreat was made at first in order, and then the Prussians, still advancing, reached the wood of Garenne. Here they were arrested awhile by a murderous fire from the troops concealed in the woods. But very soon the French regiments, exhausted, reckless, knowing they had to encounter superior forces, without artillery, with their last round of powder, tried to escape into the woods, and a certain number succeeded, and gained the Belgian frontier, when they laid down their arms.

The Crown Prince, after a battle which lasted three hours and a half, was master of the plateau of Floing and the woods of Garenne; in short, the key to the position of the French army. At the little village of Givonne, the army of the Crown Prince and the Saxon and Bavarian corps effected their junction. They established numerous batteries there, which protected the right and the left. They sent bullets and shells into Sedan and the suburbs of Balan, which

the French troops still held, Balan being occupied by the Prussians, after a desperate defence. The French troops made a general "sauve qui peut" to gain Sedan. The soldiers trod one another down as they entered the town. The dismounted cavalry tried to find a road by the ramparts by sliding down the counterscarp; the cuirassiers leaped into the ditches—the men breaking their legs as well as their horses'. The men clambered over one another. Officers of all ranks, colonels and even generals, were found in this melée. Behind all, came the cannons with their mighty carriages and their powerful horses, forcing their way through the crowd, wounding and crushing the fugitive foot-soldiers.

To add to this confusion and horror, the Prussian batteries were then advanced, and the bombs commenced to fall in the midst of this struggling mass of men. The ramparts were manned by the National Guard, who worked the guns, and who responded with more or less success to the Prussian artillery. Bombs commenced to fall inside

the town, and in several small streets trains of waggons laden with casks filled with powder, which could neither advance or withdraw, blocked the way. The Emperor, on horseback, was in the Place de Turenne: a shell fell under his horse, burst, and killed that of the general following him. At this moment the battle was definitely lost.

A Council of War was now held in Sedan, under the presidency of Napoleon, to discuss the question of capitulation. The municipal council of the town demanded that they should not be exposed uselessly to the horrors of bombardment. All the generals present were of opinion that a capitulation was necessary; two only maintained that it was not necessary; they were Generals Pellé and Bellemere.

General Wimpffen was in despair, and wished to try a last effort to avert the utter disgrace of the army. The troops were hurrying into Sedan, exhausted, perishing of hunger, of fatigue—full of distrust of

their leaders—without ammunition. They disbanded themselves, and refused to fight any more. General Wimpffen addressed them, conjuring them to try the last chance. "Vive la France!" cried he; but he found little echo. "Bazaine will take the Prussians in the rear," he said; "it is yet possible to conquer, and we must conquer or die." The clarions and trumpets sounded on all sides. Officers of all ranks and regiments grouped themselves around General Wimpffen. Nearly eight thousand men resolved to range themselves under the orders of the General-in-chief. The bridge was lowered, the crowd of fugitives repulsed with difficulty, and they passed on. The Prussians occupying Balan had taken possession of the houses and fired on the French troops from the windows. Nothing stopped General Wimpffen, although the balls rained around him.

The church of Balan was full of Prussians, which, with its solid doors shut, was like a redoubt. The French soldiers could not drive out the enemy, and pushed forward under

their fire. General Wimpffen ordered an officer of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, M. de Guiroye, who followed him as aide-de-camp in this desperate attempt, to go and find two cannon to force open the door. The two pieces arrived, and were worked. One volley! —the doors burst open, and two hundred prisoners were taken in the church. General Wimpffen sent them into the town. Balan evacuated, he was pressing towards Bazeilles. Suddenly General Wimpffen was apprised that on the walls of Sedan a flag of truce was hoisted, and he was forced to return. He regained Sedan, and seeking the presence of the Emperor, reproached him bitterly, then retired, and sent in his resignation to Napoleon III. It was now six o'clock in the evening. The Emperor replied by letter to the General: "You cannot give in your resignation whilst yet there remain negotiations to be made in order to save the army by an honourable capitulation. I do not accept your resignation. You have done your duty all day: do it still! It is a service you render to

the country. The King of Prussia has accepted an armistice, and I wait his propositions. Believe in my friendship." Several generals went with this letter to General Wimpffen; they insisted on his withdrawal of his resignation, and consent to negotiate the capitulation. He consented.

During this time several generals — Douay, Castelnau, Vaubert de Genlis, went to the headquarters of the Prussians to enter upon the conference. On their way they met Lieutenant-Colonel Brousart, of the staff of Major Gen, who was sent by the King to Sedan to summon the army and place to surrender, and to threaten bombardment that night in case of a refusal. He was introduced into Sedan, and there demanded to speak with the Commander-in-chief. They led him to the Emperor. Colonel Brousart was very much astonished: for the Prussians did not know that the Emperor was at Sedan, and Colonel Brousart was surprised to find he exercised the authority of Commander-in-chief.

The Emperor asked him the object of his mission. "To summon the place and army to surrender." The Emperor responded that he had no power to reply; that General Wimpffen was Commander-in-chief; that he had taken the command, MacMahon having been wounded; that he (the Emperor) would write to the King, and that General Reille should convey the letter. Colonel Brousart replied he had apprised King William that Napoleon III. was his prisoner.

Some minutes afterwards, General Reille arrived. The King of Prussia had not seen him since the autumn of 1867, when, during the sojourn of King William at Paris, that officer was attached to his person.

General Reille, approaching the King, dismounted, and handing to King William the letter of the Emperor Napoleon III., said he had no other mission.

The King said, "I demand as a first condition that the army lay down its arms." Then he opened the letter. It commenced by these words: "Not being able to die at

the head of my troops, I lay my sword at the feet of your Majesty."

The King's answer was as follows: "I regret to see your Majesty under such circumstances, and I accept your sword."

The number of French prisoners, according to the Prussian account, was 108,000 men: 25,000 were taken during the battle, 79,000 were comprised in the capitulation, 14,000 were wounded; 400 pieces of cannon, 7 mitrailleuses, 150 cannon, and 10,000 horses, fell into the hands of the Prussians. The number of soldiers who fled into Belgium is 3,000. From these figures we must deduct, to the honour of the French name, the brave troops who risked their lives to avert the shame of a capitulation. Several regiments of cavalry, a regiment of Zouaves, numerous batteries of artillery, had escaped the disaster by passing the Prussian lines in the twilight, having decided rather to be killed than surrender, and so regained the road to Paris; a small, but glorious remnant.

CHAPTER V.

4TH OF SEPTEMBER AT THE TUILERIES.

WE were for some time left to conjecture the fate of the Empress, and the manner of her escape from the palace. The Paris journals asserted that she had started early on the morning of the 4th, for Brussels; but the truth was, that she had remained bravely at her post even up to the moment when the crowd filled the palace grounds.

Later accounts furnish the following particulars of her bearing on that memorable day. The Empress received the news of the capitulation of Sedan, and the capture of the Emperor, with a grand and noble resignation. Joining her domestic sorrow to the public mourning, she faced adversity, in one of the most critical situations of history,

with energy to be admired and imitated. The Regency was encumbered with difficulties of all sorts, but no one could say the Empress had added to the embarrassment of the situation by personal faults, or sanctioned oppression by her name. Nevertheless, with all her virtue and acknowledged worth, her power was a heavy charge.

Domestic inquietude was added to her grief for the people; she was separated from her husband and child, receiving ever and anon sad and yet sadder news; exposed to the fatigues of incessant work for a month; not permitted to sleep for even an hour without being awakened for urgent communications; her physical strength was impaired for the trying ordeal through which she passed most nobly.

The following account is from the pen of a spectator of the last sad scene of the Regency.

"On the night of the 3rd of September, the Empress-Regent received the dignitaries of the Empire, and presided at a council of

Ministers. On their retiring, she took a few minutes' repose, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 4th, she was at the Ambulance established by her care in the Tuileries, giving instructions to the Sisters of Charity, and taking measures for a greater development of this work of succour.

This was on Sunday. Besides the customary mass in the Palace Chapel, a chaplain used to celebrate mass here four times a week in the private apartments; but after the declaration of war this religious act was repeated daily. After the celebration the Empress gave audience to her almoner, who was ever actively employed in relieving the wants of the poor and visiting the sick. To-day her instructions were longer and more minute, and the priest passed the greater portion of the day in carrying out Her Majesty's charitable purposes.

From the Oratory Her Majesty passed immediately to the Council Chamber. The Ministers and the members of the Privy Council were already assembled. The atti-

tude of the councillors' of the Crown was firm. "They shall not say of us," said one of them, in later days, "that we were undecided and divided in the supreme hour."

It is but justice to record that on that day a number of measures "proper to develop the power of the French organization," was to have been presented to the Corps Législatif. Whilst the members of the Privy Council and M. Rouher, who was present, asked what precautions had been taken in case of popular excitement, the Empress replied that they must think of nothing but the safety of France. "Let us take wise and vigorous steps," she added, "so that they may see there has been nothing left undone to prevent the approach of the Prussians. Let us not think of saving the dynasty until we shall first have secured '*le salut de la France.*'"

The sudden invasion of the Corps Législatif did not permit the realization of this noble purpose.

The Empress quitted the Council at half-

past twelve, and then presided at breakfast, when twenty-eight persons were present. There were no invited guests except M. de Lesseps, but the suite was doubled, for the officers changed every Sunday, and encountered each other at breakfast.

Nothing was altered in the ordinary etiquette; no symptom appeared of the uneasiness which tormented every mind. The Empress momentarily received despatches from the Prefecture of Police, from the Minister of the Interior, and the War Officers. The waves of revolution were already rising, but the Empress calmly pursued her duties, while on all sides she was informed that the military were disposed to organize resistance to the revolt of the people. The enterprise was difficult, for Paris contained only the débris of broken regiments, but with even this disadvantage, by activity and ability the Regency might be maintained.

The Empress did not hesitate a moment in her noble resolve. "All calamities but that of civil war." This was her only reply

to all despatches which entreated her orders. She read them with a calm face, and without communicating their contents. Presently the Empress retired to her sitting-room, read, wrote, and called M. Conti, or a lady-of-honour, and speaking in a low voice, gave to each her directions.

Minutes sometimes appear ages. Some visitors come in, salute Her Majesty, and without apparent emotion, speak low, in broken sentences, quickly understood, and then anxiously await the news, which is not long in coming. It is, that the people have come down from the faubourgs towards the Place de la Concorde, that the words "déchéance" and "Republique," are heard on all sides; that the police are maltreated. Through the windows of the Tuileries the troops were seen taking up their position in the Place du Carrousel, and in front of the façade which overlooks the gardens. These military precautions looked ominous. Some companies of the Garde Nationale pass along the quay towards the Corps Législatif.

The Empress arose time after time, and approaching the window as if to read a despatch, cast a furtive glance on the agitated crowd outside, and again resumed her work. In the midst of riot and tumult, in the heart of the great city, sat the Empress in her palace, as placid and serene in manner as if the loud cries outside were still for the Empire. Not one glance betrayed fear, yet every moment the state of affairs grew more alarming, and those who had ever admired the Empress for her beauty and grace, now acknowledged her peerless in courage and firmness. The weather seemed to favour the people. Not a cloud was in the beautiful sky.

Towards half-past twelve o'clock it was impossible not to be aware that all was lost—the dynasty dead! The deputies of the Thiers party, lead by M. Daru, made their appearance at the Tuileries. Some minutes passed before the formalities of introduction were accomplished, for up to the last moment everything went on at the château without disorder or confusion.

On receiving the deputies of the Left, the Empress smiled sadly. The interview was lengthy. It is easy to divine its subject. Abdication! This is the word that M. Daru and his friends were charged to pronounce to the Regent. It was communicated to her that the ministers were about to propose useful measures, that they believed the abdication to be necessary, and that it must be signed.

Little by little the Empress warmed in the presence of these timid counsellors and indecisive speakers. From time to time, through the open door of the *salon* came the agitated tones of the Empress, as she strove to rally their courage.

But every instant the news from outside hindered the efforts of the Regent. One of the prefects of the palace arrived from the Corps Législatif and announced that the agitators were plotting openly in the Salle des Pas Perdus against the Assembly.

The Chamberlain in attendance gave an account of the attitude of the masses

assembled in the Place de la Concorde, and declared they were about to proceed to extremities. The clamour of the multitude even reached the Council Chamber, and filled it with menacing cries.

From time to time one of these gentlemen of the Thiers party would say, coldly, "Do you not hear them, madam?" or, "This which they announce to your Majesty, is it not that which we have said?"

Several of the persons present regarded this proceeding on the part of the deputies of the Thiers party as altogether superfluous.

"If the abdication," said they, "could serve to some purpose, why could they not take upon themselves to pronounce the *déchéance?* why this trouble to suppress the dynasty by means of the Regent?"

The deputies at last left her presence troubled and perplexed.

The Empress was leaning against a mantle-piece in deep grief; and we all surrounded her with painful emotion. Some

of her servants came respectfully forward to kiss her hand. She let them do so, and spoke in affecting and broken terms of that which was approaching.

"They wish the abdication. Oh! that is nothing, if France be saved. But will it not enfeeble the country's resistance? I ask them only to preserve the nominal authority; to prevent disorganization at the moment when the stranger is invading our territory. Afterwards let them do with us as they will. This is no time for political changes; we should think only of military measures. I have told them I shall not clog or hinder them in anything for the defence of the country. I will, on the contrary, aid to the utmost the man who possesses the confidence of the nation. I will place myself at the head of the societies for the succour of the wounded. I will visit the hospitals. I will go to the outposts. I will try to reassure the people. I will do nothing ridiculous. I know how to avoid being ridiculous. But, no, they will not listen

to me. Ah! in France one must be unhappy."

As she spoke, the Empress gave way to the vehemence characteristic of her race and temperament, and these last words have been called *les moments de Chimène.*

A short dispatch from M. Pietri arrived.

"They are pulling down the Eagles!"

These six words brought us all back to the events that were passing in Paris. It has been said that during her last hours at the Tuileries the Empress was deserted by her officers. Nothing could be less true.

At two o'clock, when the crowd was swarming around the Corps Legislatif, all the household of the Empress assembled at the Tuileries. The ladies of honour, present in Paris, were all with her Majesty. Several ladies of rank joined them. Marshal Canrobert's wife was one of the first who arrived.

The great officers of the Emperor's household now filled the *salons.* The Marquis de Contades, in a letter addressed to

the "Figaro," affirms that all had done their duty. No one can contradict this statement.

General Trochu did not appear. All were grave and nearly silent. The attitude of the Empress did not permit the least consternation. She received every one with kindness, and maintained her composure unshaken.

Several members of the Corps Diplomatique next arrived. The Prince de Metternich did not disguise his emotion. The Chevalier Nigra was quite calm. The arrival of the Princess Clotilde was an affecting scene. She had lost nothing of her sweet serenity—of her customary touching simplicity. The Empress received her with much tenderness.

While this scene was being enacted, in a remote corner of the *salon* some young men of the suite were discussing the events which might be looked for from one moment to another. They had all the same ambition, and were determined to follow the Empress, and, if surprised by the

rioters, to seek a glorious death like that of the famous guards of Marie Antoinette.

"As to me," said one of them, "I shall make them pay their footing dearly," and he displayed an enormous revolver. He was prevented from a further show of heroic intent, by the reminder of his companions, that the Empress had forbidden any resort to arms.

Towards two o'clock the Empress was receiving the ambassadors of Austria and Italy, when deputies and ministers arrived from the Corps Législatif, announcing that the chamber was about to be invaded.

The Comte de Palikao had counted on the fidelity of his troops, and he was right. Not one betrayed him. But they were too few to resist without having recourse to their arms, and the orders of the Empress were strict; "a single drop of blood must not be shed in Paris."

There had been a menace of attack on the part of the crowd, and General Lebreton, it is said, had ordered the troops to

give free passage to the people. We know what happened. The entire government was at the Corps Législatif. Whilst the Comte de Palikao and other ministers conferred with the deputies, the crowd rushed into the palace.

The ministers could neither separate nor consult. The vessel of the state could no longer move. M. Chevreau, the premier, cleft the popular waves, and with great difficulty reached the Tuileries.

Very soon afterwards, M. Jerome David arrived, and traversed the salons with a calm, easy manner. His presence alone sufficed to indicate the gravity of the situation. Some one asked whether a carriage had been secured for the Empress. Naturally everybody had thought of such a possible need, but no one had realized the thought. Now it was too late.

At the last moment a number of the supporters of the Empire arrived. M. Pietri, as calm and reserved as usual, saluted Her Majesty, said a few words in a low voice, and then disappeared. The Empress had

sent for General Millinet, who commanded the troops, and who was charged with the defence of the Tuileries. She asked him—"General, could you defend the palace without arms?"

"Madam, I think not."

"Then," said the Empress, "all is over; we must not add to our disasters the horrors of civil war."

She then proceeded to give her last commands. The old general crossed the salons rapidly, but not without stopping to kiss the hand of a pretty lady of his acquaintance.

The Empress, feeling that all was over, and that she had performed her duty towards herself and the nation, now prepared for the last effort—the most trying and bitter—the final leave-taking. In silence she clasped the hands of those to whom she had not already bade adieu, and then turning to her ladies she said, "Do not stay here longer — time presses."

This was the signal for tears, and her

ladies gathered around her, covering her hands with kisses.

"Leave me! leave me! I implore you!" repeated the Empress, and disengaging herself silently and softly from their affectionate embraces, she walked pale and trembling to the end of the salon; then turning and making us her most stately bow, she disappeared, accompanied by the Prince de Metternich, Chevalier Nigra, and Madame Lebreton.

I was hidden in the embrasure of a window whilst this affecting scene was enacted; under my eyes was the garden of the Tuileries. The foot-soldiers were ranged before the façade of the palace. The garden looked deserted. Nevertheless the shadows which appeared from time to time around the trunks of trees in the distance could deceive us no longer. The invaders were approaching; the troops inspired us with no confidence. The shadows began to crowd together, and the crowd became a mass of heads, black, noisy, and compact. A confused murmur, sometimes suppressed by

the song of the Marseillaise, arose from this crowd, which massed itself in the private garden. As I was asking myself how it would be possible to turn this furious tide which had broken loose, I saw M. de Cossé-Brissac, chamberlain of the Empress, who said to us, in a loud voice: "Her Majesty thanks you and invites you to retire."

There was a moment of indecision. The officers-in-waiting approached M. de Cossé-Brissac.

"Our duty is to stay here as long as the Empress shall remain. We give you our assurance that we have no other object."

"Messieurs," he answered, "you have your dismissal from Her Majesty, and I can only say it is for the best."

We clasped hands in silence, and all quitted the palace.

When I reached the passage du Pavillon de l'Horloge, I wished to know what the crowd were going to do. They were then shaking the gates which gave access to the

garden, and I stopped near the large gate of the Tuileries which looks towards l'Arc de Triomphe. They had perceived the going and coming of General Millinet, who disposed his soldiers with extreme care.

Suddenly two dirty-white handkerchiefs carried as flags of truce made their appearance, followed by a gentleman *en paletot*, with both hands in his pockets. The standard-bearer and follower debouched into the alley and went straight towards the general.

"Hold! hold! What is this intruder doing here?"

Thus spake M. de Lafferière, who in his character of superintendent of the imperial theatres recognized the gentleman, who was no other than Victorien Sardou.

The general conferred with the parlementaires, and then went to harangue the people.

We know the rest. It was announced that the Empress was no longer at the

Tuileries, and the people promised to commit no violence.

I quitted the Tuileries by the passage of l'Echelle; and while the concièrge was opening the gate, a column, headed by a bearded bourgeois, badly combed, and wearing a képi of the National Guard, defiled before us. This gentleman was M. Jules Favre, on his way to consecrate the Hotel de Ville to the National Defence. I looked at my watch—it was five minutes to three o'clock.

After we had left I learned that the Empress had quietly dressed herself in mourning, aided by Madame Lebreton. The sovereign would not expose any of her attendants to the danger of accompanying her, but she confided herself to MM. de Metternich and Nigra, who in their diplomatic character shielded her from insult. Before quitting her residence the Empress cast a last look upon the portraits of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, then kneeling in her oratory she said a short

prayer, and proceeded without hurry through the gallery which overlooks the Seine. The doors of communication between the Tuileries and the Louvre were shut, and some time was lost in procuring the keys. At last the passage was free, and the Empress and her little cortége arrived unmolested at the Place Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, by one of the two staircases of the colonnade of the Louvre.

M. de Metternich went to look for two fiacres; M. de Nigra stayed with Her Majesty and Madame Lebreton. The dress of a widow did not disguise the beautiful Eugenie, and a gamin cried out, "There is the Empress!"

The Place was filled with a party of the invaders of the Corps Législatif, who were going to the Hotel de Ville after having traversed the Tuileries and the Louvre. The Italian diplomatist did not lose his presence of mind in so critical a situation. He vigorously kicked the boy, then taking him by the ear so as not to leave him power to

struggle, he cried out, "Ah polisson, thou criest 'Vive la Prusse!' I took you for a better patriot," and dragged him to the other side of the Place, opposite to the carriage in which the Empress had taken her place with Madame Lebreton. M. Nigra did not loose his hold of the boy or cease his imprecations until the coachman had started his horses.

The Empress was now gone, and

"Like the ghouls of the East, came the multitude now,
To feast at the grave of *her* power and *her* glory."

It may be there were some who walked in the palace and the grounds that day, whose heart beat with sympathy for her misfortunes. A lady who broke a branch (as a souvenir) from an evergreen, remarked to me that she felt like an intruder, or a servant who revelled in the ruin of his master.

But one by one the visitors left the grounds, and the grand old trees sighed out on the night-breeze—Farewell! farewell!

The next morning on the gate of the Tuileries facing the Place de la Concorde were found two wreaths (one on each side) of immortelles. Who placed them there?

CHAPTER VI.

A FLIGHT INTO PARIS.

IT was a long while before people could persuade themselves that they were in real danger. It seemed as though they regarded the approach of the Prussians as impossible, and from the slow manner in which the works progressed, I could scarcely wonder that the population of Paris felt no apprehension.

Paris does not depend for defence solely on the fortifications which surround her, as there are the outlying forts also, and it was necessary to put these in a state to resist attack even before the fortifications proper. But a wide-spread and disastrous negligence was visible in every department of the

public service, and though there was such pressing reason for rapid work, and constant attention to duty, no one seemed to remember that time pressed. The men at work displayed no more activity than is usual with Parisian workmen. "Hasten slowly," seems to be their motto.

As we watched these lazy-looking Frenchmen at work, the contrast with the Irishmen engaged on our rail-roads or levees was very striking. There was no briskness or stir, and when I saw them transferring a pile of stones from one side of the road to the other, I could not resist laughing, it was so like the manner in which monkeys are said to cross the rivers in Africa. The tail of a monkey is wound around the limb of a high tree which overhangs the bank of the stream, and then another monkey wraps his tail around the body of the first, and so on until a line of heads and tails are formed long enough to reach across the stream, when by a combined movement they swing themselves over.

In this manner the men at work on the

fortifications removed the stones standing in a line, and so passing them from one to another. This accomplished, they dispersed to the cafés, which are always close at hand. All through Paris it was very sad to see groups of sad-looking people exchanging farewells.

The Hotel de Ville was surrounded every day with dense crowds, extending as far as the Tour St. Jacques, waiting to hear the despatches. In the Rue Montmartre, Rue du Temple, the Faubourg du Temple, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, sad scenes were witnessed, as husbands, sons, and brothers departed for the scene of the war. Members of their families sometimes accompanied them, and when the last point was reached, it was heart-breaking to see little children, mothers, and wives, clinging to their beloved ones. Beyond the Arc de Triomphe, amid the Bois de Boulogne, and the plain of Longchamps, what do we see? Also on the long road of the Elysian Fields, and on the diverging highways to the west, south, and north? Carriages, vans, carts,

waggons, wheelbarrows, trays on wheels, all laden with household goods, and accompanied by their now houseless owners, weary and depressed, seeking asylum in Paris, leaving their homes to the mercy of the invader.

You met this strange-looking procession at the Madeleine, and it remained unbroken for miles out of Paris. Looking at this motley caravan, we could not help contrasting this clumsy means of travel and transport with our convenient American method. Long Normandy carts, drawn by awkward broad-backed farm horses, "dragged their slow length along," and as we looked at the human freight packed together with beds, bedding, chairs, tables, faded tapestry, bird-cages, and pet dogs, we could not refrain from tears; and when some aged woman would meet our view, perched at a dangerous height on a pile of mattresses, and surrounded by her children and grand-children walking in melancholy procession in the dust of the wheels, never perhaps to return to the old home, we were

deeply, deeply pained. Thus they swarmed into Paris—Paris, the dragon that devours the nation.

We not only met the poor, but every now and then a private carriage, with a coronet on its polished panels, with closed windows and drawn blinds, but protruding from the half open doors were rare old china monsters, and we caught a hasty glimpse of ormolu, statuettes, bronzes, cabinet-pictures, and ornate time-pieces. Cabs bore pyramids of bonnet-boxes and trunks; barouches dashed by with dressing-cases and gilt cages; then followed lumbering vans, and in fact every conceivable shape of vehicle.

It is the flight into Paris. The country for miles around the fortifications is deserted, and the recent occupants are flocking within the walls. Down the main avenue of the Champs Elysées, past the Arc de Triomphe, on whose summit are soldiers taking observations, and a crane and movable platform mysteriously at work, all along the roads skirted by the cottages with double coach-houses, by the dainty

architectural ornaments in stucco, from whose gates pretty poodles are wont to peep, and the pretentious villas of detached gentility, to the very gate of the Bois, were nothing but deserted homesteads.

At the gate of the Bois de Boulogne we were forced to halt. The trench round the works had been deepened, and the opening in the walls closed up, except a narrow space, which vehicles were forced to pass in single file, and in which I dare say the Parisians resolved to make as determined a stand as the heroes of Thermopylæ. On our arrival our carriage was stopped amid a mass of others, but we had time to observe enormous waggon-loads of hay bound for the outlying forts, soldiers on horseback, gendarmes, commissariat-waggons. At a given signal from a sergent de ville, the tide of arrival was turned, and we who were waiting were permitted egress. Our carriage and its occupants were closely scrutinized as we passed the fortifications; but we were not inquisitive, nor did we make a parade of our observations, and so

the guard admitted us. And now permit me to present to your view the extraordinary spectacle which greeted us.

The woods and gardens, the race-course at Longchamps, and the meadows around it, presented a strangely novel scene. People a thick wood with thousands upon thousands of cattle, and you have a primeval forest. Nothing could be more striking than this unfamiliar conjunction of familiar objects. The domestic aspect of these animals disappears the instant they are placed together in vast numbers amid thickly-planted foliage, and when seen from between the brown trunks of innumerable trees, they seemed to be in their natural state, as they stripped the beautiful green branches from the trees, and walked lazily over the pasterres of flowers, nipping off the fairest and most beautiful, and then rolling massively over the beds of grass, rejoicing in their liberty to indulge a spirit of destruction. It was, nevertheless, a very charming sight to see twenty-seven thousand head of cattle in the leafy woods in autumn, their shadows

magnifying the effect. Every way we turned, they were tearing the trees, or browsing peacefully in the shade. The race-course seemed like a cotton-field undulating in the wind, as the sheep moved to and fro, and when, passing from this scene to smiling meadows again, we beheld the cattle closely pressed together, their different colours forming a seeming floor of mosaic, so even and perfect in the distance, that we might have driven over their backs, we pronounced the scene as rare as it was interesting.

We drove on by lakelets and fountains, cascades and waterfalls, and all was silence and solitude. The avenues in which the beauty and fashion of the universe had gathered, were now deserted, and beasts were rambling amidst the haunts which lovers' sighs had consecrated. The soldiers, who were the only persons to be seen, looked sad and lonely. The rustic café by the cascade was still tenanted; but the phantom-like waiters served us with a glass of water after an automaton style of move

ment, having long before ceased to provide rural repasts for the lovers who were wont to eat their luncheon on the green-sward in front of the door. Nothing could be more sad to contemplate than these silent woods and waters.

The fleeting glories of life were made all too visible, when in this scene we observed the changes a few short weeks had brought about. The herding of cattle, this clustering together of people, this storing of food, these fugitive wayfarers on life's highroad, painted with too great vividness the foreground of a darker scene, for which there was left an ample stretch of canvas.

Sadly we turned towards the city, bidding good-bye to this haunt of fashion of the Second Empire, while the lights along the road and in the distance, shone like millions of stars to light us homeward. All along our way the crowd of fugitives was as dense as in the morning, and we were about to ask where these vast numbers would find shelter, but remembered that 20,000 persons had left the city within a few days,

and that the railway stations were still blocked with anxious people, hurrying away from the doomed city, while the violent expulsion of the Germans continued, and promised to leave their quarters at the disposal of the fugitives from the environs of Paris. So the *lex talionis* provided against the want we feared, and gave to the wanderers at least a resting-place.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE REPUBLIC.

ON the morning of the 5th of September we awoke to find the Empire dead, and the Republican flag floating over the Tuileries, and hoisted on every public building in Paris.

One would presume that on the accomplishment of the people's wish, Paris would don her gala attire. It has been asserted she did so, but be it said to the credit of the Parisians, we witnessed no such hideous spectacle. There may have been portions of the city where the vulgar "most do congregate," in which such manifestations may have been made; but I think all the better class felt there was nothing

to exult over, and that the name of Republic to them was synonymous only with bloodshed and riot.

The next step was to look forward to a leader. Comte de Palikao, a few days after the Empress left the city, also quitted Paris to follow the fortune of his sovereign. All Imperialists of rank did the same.

General Trochu, who had been placed at the head of the National Defence, was now elevated to the pedestal whereon all the nation's idols sit until they sink in the quagmire of French popularity. A review of the troops was held, and General Trochu, in his order of the day to the Garde Nationale, pronounced the result to be gratifying, and assured them that the defence of the city would be admirably sustained.

We remember well that review, and our reflections, as the general and his staff rode through the ranks, while the cries of "Vive Trochu!" "Vive la France!" resounded on all sides. I looked upon him as he passed modestly onward, and was struck with the resemblance to the distinguished General

G. T. Beauregard. I thought, and expressed the thought to those around me, "Your hour of triumph will soon, too, end, and they will trail your name in the dust as they do all things fair."

Paris displayed her willingness to sacrifice all in order to give time to France to organize an irresistible defence. The shops of the city were now almost all closed, and masters and employés alike were drilling.

The first recognition of the Republic came from across the Atlantic, and America greeted her sister-government through the medium of Hon. E. B. Washburne, U. S. Minister. The rejoicings upon this occasion were quite unanimous with the democratic party, and deputation after deputation waited upon the American minister, and delivered patriotic and enthusiastic addresses. One of these delegations, consisting of several hundred inhabitants, carrying the French and American flags interlaced, on being received by Mr. Washburne, read the following address :—

"We come in the name of a large number of French citizens, sure of being approved and supported by the entire nation, to request you to present to your Government our thanks for the spontaneousness with which it has replied to the notification of our French Republic. A large share of our acknowledgments is due to you, Monsieur le Ministre, for the kind language which your heart has dictated to you in communicating to us the adhesion of your Government. The French nation will long remember the friendly words of the American Minister. We did not expect less from that great and generous people, whose aspirations and principles have always been in communion with the ideas of our country: America and France are sister republics and sisters in liberty. The Atlantic which separates us is not so deep as the sentiments which unite us."

His Excellency replied in these terms:—

"Gentlemen,—I thank you, on the part

of my Government, for this manifestation. I shall have great pleasure in transmitting the thanks which you have expressed with so much eloquence, for its initiative in recognising the new Republic of France. In my communication, to which you so graciously allude, I only expressed the feelings of the President and people of the United States. The American nation takes a deep interest in the great movement just inaugurated in France, and will indulge in the most ardent desires for its success, and for the happiness and prosperity of the French nation. The Americans themselves living under a Republican form of government, are able to appreciate its benefit; and to-day, with hearts touched, and with vigorous language, they congratulate their former ally on the accomplishment of its pacific and bloodless revolution, which must excite the profound interest of all who, throughout the world, are friends of liberty."

These sentiments were received with loud and long applause, and Mr. Washburne was

from this moment a star of the first magnitude in the ever-shifting heaven of France. Mr. Washburne's position at this date was an enviable one, for he was perhaps the most popular and highly esteemed dignitary in Paris. He was constantly waited upon, serenaded and fêted with the most flattering attentions. However these adulations might influence most men to a one-sided course of conduct, it had no effect upon his sense of justice, and he was ever to be found assisting the subjects of all countries.

Lord Lyons had left Paris, warning all the English residents to quit the city also, while means remained of so doing. Those who for business reasons found it impossible to leave at the moment resorted to the residence of Mr. Washburne, to seek his protection or assistance. Crowds of Americans were gathered there also, and the most heart-rending scenes met the view. The Prussian or German inhabitants were early and late assembled at the American Legation seeking passports, or rescue from

insult or cruel treatment; and I think it may be safely stated that in no *one* instance did the American Minister turn a deaf ear to these appeals.

One very painful event took place in front of the U. S. Legation. A poor Prussian woman, whose husband had been arrested, and who had waited from early dawn outside the Legation to see Mr. Washburne, *gave birth to an infant on the pavement in front of the door.* Exhausted with waiting, this poor creature had sunk down in despair and suffering beneath the American flag. · Tears and thanks were the daily offerings upon the altar where Mr. Washburne ministered, and I will say there never was homage so well merited or so nobly attained.

The expulsion of all Germans not of Austrian nationality resembled, not only in its cruelty but in its insane recklessness, the fearful Edict of Nantes. The exodus from the city was multitudinous. Americans still lingered to hear all that was passing.

The citizens were advised to lay in a stock of provisions, and strangers were politely invited to leave the city, as "useless mouths" were not desired. Every day events became more alarming, and those in favour of the Empire were careful not to express their sympathy with the captive sovereign. There was no more title or rank in Paris, and "*citoyen*" was now the accepted greeting. A priest, who unfortunately forgot this distinction, and who arose to address an assemblage, beginning, "messieurs," was cried down in an instant, and narrowly escaped with his life.

A Republic has for the French people the same signification as liberty has for negro slaves; they interpret it to mean license for all manner of idleness and wantonness, and freedom to insult all that is good and worthy of distinction. They manifested their feelings by the most ridiculous acts, and went in procession headed by red rags (in lieu of *drapeaux*) to deface statues and public buildings. Wherever a crowd was gathered, if one had the desire to investi-

gate, they would be found busily engaged daubing, scraping out, or painting over an N. or an E., or victimizing some poor unfortunate eagle or eaglet.

On walking round the Tuileries, we noticed that the nests were placed too high for pillage, and rejoiced in our hearts when we saw the N.'s and E.'s still far above the herd. We thought, too, of how history repeats itself even in small things, and our minds reverted to the Bourbons' return to Paris, when they found the armorial bees of the Buonapartes humming in their palaces, and then the hive was destroyed, and the lilies flourished in their sweetness and purity, wooing by their odour the bees' return, who swarmed again for the HUNDRED DAYS, but vanished in the smoke of Waterloo. Once again sprang up the lilies to perish in the keen blast of freedom. Once again the bees returned, to hum a requiem for twenty years; and then disappeared in the beak of the Republican eagle.

One of the most affecting sights I wit-

nessed was at the church of St. Roch, the Sunday after the 4th of September. I was at ten o'clock mass, and the music on the occasion was solemn and imposing. During the service I thought I observed the wings of a golden eagle supporting the music-book of the altar choir. I felt, however, it was impossible—I must be deceived, for no eagle could spread its wings with impunity so near earth in these times.

The church was filled with officers and soldiers, and I dreaded the probable removal of the book which left to conjecture the genus of the bird.

At last one of the assistant boys approached, at the conclusion of the service, and was going to remove the book, but was gently prevented by a priest.

I felt now I was correct, and my doubts were ended when in a few moments after (there being but few persons remaining in the church) a chorister removed the book, and the grand old Imperial Eagle with spread wings and arched neck was displayed full before my eyes. I could not

restrain my emotion; that dear proud, lone old eagle seemed to have taken sanctuary in the church.

I was not the only one who wept, for on coming out I noticed a lady weeping convulsively. The Empire, I felt, was not dead.

Side by side with all these touching scenes, there daily occurred amusing evidences of what some considered the privileges and others the disadvantages of a Republic.

A soldier walked into a café, and ordering some refreshment, seated himself to partake of it. Having finished, he proceeded to leave the place without paying, which the proprietor requested him to do.

The soldier replied, "I have no money."

"Then how dare you come and demand what you are not able to pay for?"

"But, citoyen, it is a Republic now, is it not? Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," hiccoughed the drunken republican.

The proprietor responded to his fraternal appeal by seizing him by the collar and

giving him a kick, accompanied by the remark, "So much for your Republic. If the Sergents-de-Ville were in power you would play no such tricks, *citoyen voleur*."

"Hurrah for the triumvirate! Trochu, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and Rochefort," screeches out a gamin.

"I never knew until now that four formed a triumvirate," corrected his more enlightened companion.

"It is a nice time," responded the dirty little patriot, "where we have so few to praise, to stand upon the ceremony of numbers;" and ever increasing the triumvirate he went on shouting and bellowing through the streets at the head of his ragged compatriots.

Day by day the lines closed around the city. We drove around and took a view of the ramparts, and found them divided into nine sections, each with a separate commander. The guns there and in the forts were manned by sailors from Cherbourg and Toulon. The National Guards were encamped on the glacis. The forts were garrisoned by

Nationals and Mobiles under stringent military discipline.

The troops of the line, stationed between the exterior forts and the ramparts, were supported by Volunteers and Provisional Mobiles. Persons having a stock of petroleum or other combustible matter, were requested to make an immediate return of the quantities to the authorities.

Vast numbers of houses were blown up near the first zone of the fortifications, and some feared the Orleans Chapel would be sacrificed, but it was not. Americans residing in the suburbs of Paris were advised to remain in their houses, and to raise their own national flag for protection.

Balloons were now put into operation as means of observing the Prussian movements, and Wilfrid de Fonvielle, the author of several treatises on air navigation, was constantly engaged in new experiments. Little by little the belt was drawn around the city, until at last we found the gates closed upon us, and egress impossible.

Anticipating that the siege would be brief, we made no preparations such as laying in of provisions, supposing so long as there was anything to be had in the market we should be able to obtain our share. Perhaps, rather, we remembered the biblical admonition of the manna, and confidently entered upon the siege, believing that the "Lord takes care of His own."

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS BESIEGED.

AS a woodman encircles a tree with his axe, and then leaves it to fall by decay in time, so King William surrounded Paris, and quartered his soldiers, feeling confident that the oak with all its strength must fall when the outer bark is pierced.

He had chipped the tree, and sapped its support, and waited patiently, with his army in possession of all the places for miles around.

At last, convinced by the narrow limits of our promenade, that external communication was at an end, we commenced to realise our true situation and investigate its advantages.

Most of the hotels in the city had closed before the siege, only continuing to let rooms, whose occupants ate their meals at the restaurants.

We were invited by a friend to take up our residence in his private hotel in the Avenue Montaigne, and we then prepared to put our time to as agreeable and gentle a death as possible.

All the handsome residences were already transformed into ambulances, and amongst the first that of the Queen of Spain, situated in the Rue du Roi de Rome. At the commencement of the war, Queen Isabella had placed her residence at the service of the ambulance committee. Almost every other house was decorated with foreign flags, and it seemed that for the small number of Americans remaining in Paris, there was a superabundance of flags.

On the Champs Elysées, the Avenues de l'Imperatrice, Josephine, Friedland, and Montaigne, they were seen floating from the windows of almost every mansion.

The weather was very beautiful, and in-

vited us to long strolls on the avenues and boulevards. The autumn winds were sighing amongst the trees in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg.

The charming garden of the Tuileries had long since been devoted to the public service, and soldiers were encamped amidst the trees and statuary, while the fountains served to water their horses. It was a sad and strange sight. The first time it met my view, there were gathered around the principal fountain a troop of perhaps a hundred gray horses, many of them drinking from the basin.

The sun shone brightly, and the water sparkled beneath its rays. Flowers still bloomed, and the geraniums added their brightness and fragrance to the picture. It was far from pleasant, to observe this sacrifice of all things beautiful to the necessities of the army. They destroyed that which made their city charming, and which in former days attracted visitors from all parts of the world.

But the policy of the new government

was to destroy all remains of Imperial luxury, the eye-sore of the mushroom party who composed the cabinet of the so-called French Republic. Any demand of the people was complied with by these men in power to divert suspicion from themselves, and they gave loose reins to the popular will, as a horse-tamer does with a wild horse, that he may curb him later.

They threw open the private residences of the nobles, not because the exigencies of the case demanded such a proceeding, but to demonstrate their contempt of high estate, and their full intent to destroy all genealogical record except that which charged a trade-mark on its shield.

On this principle they installed a number of soldiers in each private house, billeting, in most cases, those of lowest grade on families of highest rank. They began to build temporary stables in the garden of the Tuileries, and gun-carriages or artillery waggons formed the formidable chain-work which now interlined the avenues and encircled the statues.

Everywhere the EQUALIZER was abroad, and day by day its effect became more and more visible. It was the patent plough of Liberty, and furrowed the soil manured from the Augean stables. The growth from this nurture we felt would be rank, and we had no desire to see this hot-bed of Fraternité flourish. Poor France, we thought, uprooting the violets to grow thistles! Though the gates were closed upon us, and the journals of fashion long silenced, we found difficulty in believing the true state of affairs, as the promenades were filled with well-dressed persons, and through the streets still rolled magnificent equipages with liveried servants.

We were now a little world within ourselves, and each day we determined should be marked with a white stone, as the accomplishment of some good deed towards the human race—so far as it might be within our reach. Mendicants were numerous, but the ration-cards were of two kinds, viz., the one apportioning a certain quantity to each individual in Paris, which he

could obtain on the payment of a certain sum at the butcher's or baker's; the other a ration-card, with a free ticket, for those who had not means to buy, to obtain gratis, on the presentation at the "Mairie." The idle poor had every reason to wish the Republic success. It was the middle-class who, too proud to accept assistance from the public funds, were doomed to suffer most. Our names had all been entered at the Mayor's Office of the 8th arrondissement by our concièrge; and when one morning we descended to an excellent breakfast, consisting of broiled fish, chicken with fried potatoes, rosy radishes, and white rolls, or, as the French call it, "Pain de luxe," with fine coffee and rich milk, we laughed to find a ration-card at each cover, dating from the 7th of October until the 10th of February. We called it waste of time and paper—all nonsense!—perfect folly!—and remarked, if they could hold out six weeks or two months, it would be doing very well.

I had always heard the French called a

luxurious people, and of course presumed they could not support a siege longer than the exhaustion of the superfluities of life, not to mention the necessities. I learned later how false is the term "luxurious," as applied to them; and had I known their capacity of endurance as well as I do now, I should not have consented to be caged with them.

Strasbourg was now the object upon which hopes, fears, and admiration were concentrated. She was nobly struggling in the toils; and, though the gallant General Urich clung to his post, we felt he could not hold out much longer. Every day we heard of fearful suffering, loss of life and property, and followed the citizens in their pilgrimages to the statue of Strasbourg, at this period the Mecca of the devout Frenchmen, and stood by with our offerings of flowers while the soldiers crowned the statue and wreathed it with garlands. It was a touching sight, and even the strongest-minded person could not deem this exhibition weak or unbecoming. A statuette of General Urich was

placed at the base of the statue of Strasbourg, representing him in the attitude of defending the city, a drawn sword in hand, and surrounded by women with babes in their arms. A book of record of the sympathisers with the beleaguered city rested on a small table in front of the statue. On recording the name, a small amount was expected to be given for the poor of Strasbourg. Poets dedicated their offerings, and sold them for the benefit of the orphans of Strasbourg.

However praiseworthy this homage, when carried to excess, it became ridiculous to the Parisians themselves. The National Guard every morning performed its orisons before the statue, and, with wreaths and bouquets on the points of their gleaming bayonets, would march to the sound of fife and drum, and, depositing their floral offerings, return in "Veni, vidi, vici!" style.

The love of authority is so general in the human race, that it is much easier to find commanders than subjects. Even in the processions formed in front of the statue.

I observed that, as the captain of the company gave directions as to where the flowers should be placed, every man gave his orders also. At last the captain grew exasperated, and cried out, "Hold your tongues! Silence, I say!" or, "Who commands?" But all in vain: they chattered away like so many magpies. I did not wonder, if this was a specimen of their discipline, that they were not more successful in greater exploits.

The news from Strasbourg grew daily more painful, and the Swiss convoy entered the ill-fated city and left it with more than six hundred women and children. Though we had mourned the intelligence of the destruction of the library of Strasbourg as a loss to the civilized world, and felt, as in the case of the great Alexandrian library, that the historian's record is already all that remains to us of these treasures, we rejoiced to learn that the world-renowned cathedral was not injured to any great extent. Yet lives were sacrificed daily; and when, at last, the news reached Paris of the surrender

of Urich and the fall of Strasbourg, with that of Bazaine at Metz shortly after, added to the many announcements of failures in the army in the provinces, the citizens grew enraged and began to utter wild and clamorous cries for vengeance. The whole Government was attacked and divided; and then parties were formed in opposition, each to the other, in which every member aspired to the presidency.

Furious at these numberless failures, and also misinterpreting the proposal for an armistice which M. Thiers bore in the name of the Neutral Powers, presuming it was only a subterfuge for arrangements for a capitulation later, excited crowds swarmed on the boulevards, and, towards the evening of 31st October, surrounded the Hôtel de Ville and seized General Trochu, MM. Emanuel Arago, Jules Ferry, Jules Favre, Garnier Pagès, Jules Simon, and General Tamisier, with several others.

General Trochu, MM. Emanuel Arago, and Jules Ferry, were rescued at about eight o'clock in the evening by the 106th

battalion of the National Guard. It was, however, near three o'clock in the morning before order was restored; and the National Guard, under the direction of M. Jules Ferry, gathered in immense numbers around the Hôtel de Ville. The interior court having been occupied by the Garde Mobile, several detachments of the 106th battalion of the Garde Nationale, of the 14th and the 4th Carbineers of Captain Vesse, the salons were soon vacated by the invaders; while outside the National Guard received General Trochu, who passed along their ranks, with immense enthusiasm.

The Government afterwards announced its intention to consult the population, and that an election should be held on the following Thursday; that the acclamation of the 4th of September sufficed no longer, and that it demanded the consecration of universal suffrage.

And then, like a dark and swollen mountain-torrent that had burst its bounds and inundated the fertile valleys, to shrink sullenly back to its proper channel, so the

rioters slunk back to their dens in Belleville or Villette. We asked ourselves the question, is Paris a faubourg of Belleville or Villette? or, if not, why do the Parisians submit to these savage invasions? Why do they not extinguish the volcano which seems to heave at intervals with internal convulsions, belching forth its streams of lava on the peaceful inhabitants, and desolating the fair country as far as its arid breath can extend? But no; it is not alone in these quarters that rioters and bloodthirsty fiends in human shape existed. They were to be found in all parts of Paris, but these two precincts claim the first place in all scenes of discord and violence. The arrest of General Trochu, and a personal assault upon him by the mob, who stripped the decorations from his breast and abused him as a "traitor," convinced us that *his* sun was about to set.

It was impossible not to sympathise with the unfortunate general, who was thrown upon the top of the popular wave on the 4th of September, and forced to assume respon-

sibilities which might well have caused a Cæsar, Napoleon I., or Frederick the Great to hesitate. To the honour of General Trochu be it ever remembered that, while true to France, he never once, by any act or word, compromised his position as a General of the Empire. He had been called to his position by the Empress, and though now an officer in the service of France only, he had not forfeited his claim to be still called a faithful servant of the Empire. In doing his duty to France, he felt he was doing the will of the Imperial family as well as that of the people. So, if his sun must set, we thought, like the midnight sun of the Arctic, its setting will be the more brilliant for the darkness which surrounds it.

As to M. Jules Favre and others, we experienced no regret at seeing them ousted from their usurped authority, and we felt sorry to learn they were restored to liberty and again in possession of the reins of government. The scheming lawyer, Jules Favre, had, however, made several steps

towards the pit which he had spent years in digging for the Imperial family; and he who had promised the country such wonderful achievements at the head of a republic, was found wanting in ability to perform his simplest duties. Ephemeral as I knew French applause to be, I had given M. Jules Favre and Co. a longer period than this to reign.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IMPERIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ON glancing over the journals we noticed an announcement of the discovery of the Imperial papers and that they would soon be published. Everyone, of course, was anxious to read them, and the enemies of the Empire were speculating largely on the documents in the possession of the new government. We could have almost wept tears—such tears as Jules Favre wept when he refused to relinquish that "pouce" and that "pierre" to Bismarck—at their disappointment. It was great indeed—these good people were worthy of our utmost sympathy.

The only letter in which Americans

manifested any interest was that of the minister to Washington in which he begged of the Emperor to recall him from "a country where thieves and robbers are defended by law, and honest men have to defend themselves." We confess our surprise at this flattering mention of the glorious Republic, which they are making such desperate efforts to emulate. It corroborates, however, what we have already said —Frenchmen do not really like America nor American institutions. In America people have to conduct themselves properly, and when they do not do so are forced to leave, and France (or rather Paris) is the Botany Bay for all such, and it matters not who disappears from the social horizon, or for whatever crime committed against society, you are sure to find them at head-quarters —Paris; as here all the "honest men" assemble, and honest women too.

The minister, however, has changed his mind since that letter was written (a privilege accorded to ladies generally, but which *we* grant to all Frenchmen), as we find at

this time the "Stars and Stripes" floating above all his earthly possessions. Is it possible he could entrust his property at such a time to Americans? How unwise to run the risk of having to "defend" himself in a Republic. But perhaps he has more reliance in a French Republic, as the "*honesty*" of the French nation is beyond dispute, *and their sacred regard for churches* something the world at large admires. To protect these holy edifices they divide the treasures and imprison the priests.

We do not think this correspondence has added to the general enlightenment of mankind. The letter written from the Nile by the Empress to her husband, who was then an invalid, is one which from its simplicity speaks to the heart, and must be appreciated by every wife and mother. In perusal, you lose sight of the Empress, it is only the anxious wife praying for her husband and child. We thought, while reading it, her enemies or those of the dynasty (as we do not think the Empress has any personal enemies in France) have done more to

serve her cause than if they had withheld this letter. All must admit that she has manifested for the French a maternal affection which we think is appreciated by the masses. It ought to be a pleasing reflection to her to know that she is still beloved by the once happy people.

In America, the beautiful Empress has thousands of admirers, ladies and gentlemen who love her for her far-famed virtue and charity, and her acknowledged nobleness of soul in standing by France until it was no longer in her power.

We were anxious to learn how our own nation regarded the events daily transpiring; and to read the opinion of cool-brained American correspondents. From time to time we received some papers from the minister, always weeks old, but ever welcome. It was pleasing to notice that with but one or two exceptions all concurred with us in bestowing praise where we felt it was due.

In one New York journal a letter appeared from a Paris correspondent which

gave us pain, and which we recognized as the production of an ambitious female, who had thus vainly sought distinction, but who in lieu has obtained only an unenviable notoriety from which a true woman would shrink, especially if gained at the expense of one of her sex.

It is degrading to the name of womanhood thus recklessly and wantonly to canvass the character of those of whom they never could have more than a *street view*, and to obtain their gossip from milliners, dress-makers, hair-dressers, etc., who in their turn acquire all this choice scandal from Madame's maid. Thus laden with all the court news and fashionable chit-chat, Madame hies to her garret, and retails and embellishes what she has picked up to the full bent of her fertile imagination. What difference does it make to her? she never saw lady or lord so and so, or the princess this or that, and it is very probable she never will; so she turns to account all she has heard from her friends the newsmongers. She knows she will get five or

ten dollars for this bit of scandal, so away goes the reputation of lady so and so, or the princess this or that. She would not have done much harm some years ago, but now *steam* and *telegraph* aid these people in circulating slander, and I think it time that our American journals should give the matter attention, and not allow our press to suffer in the estimation of all honourable people, by the venom of these penny-a-liners—the vampires of society.

I remember reading when quite a child a little work, I think it was entitled "Souvenirs of Travel," by an American lady. I shall never forget the impression it left upon my mind. I do not remember where or what object first excited the lady's admiration, but for the sake of good manners I will begin with the Queen—who was pronounced to be "lovely," "charming;" and everything animate or inanimate which she saw or heard of in Europe was equally "charming." I remember being so enchanted at the idea of this "*charming*" state of things that I constantly entreated my

mother to take me to Europe, and vainly endeavoured to convince her that our country was not "charming." My mother quietly replied, "When you are older you will know better how to appreciate your own land, and you shall go and judge for yourself."

I have met many, very many charming people, have seen many beautiful places and objects, and I now understand my mother's look of amusement when I would *insist* on reading to her this work of "Travels." I wondered why she, who had known Europe thoroughly, should not have been as enthusiastic as this writer, who it appeared "was pleased with a rattle, and tickled with a straw."

I am older now, and knowledge comes by degrees. My mother did not wish to rob my fancy of these illusive impressions, but left to time, the great disrober, the sad duty he never fails to perform with scrupulous fidelity. I have learned that all is not "charming," and I have also concluded that it is better to be pleased than displeased,

and that if we have nothing agreeable to say of individuals, it is wiser to be silent. It is not necessary, like the author referred to, to pronounce all things "charming," but this even is preferable to giving utterance to uncharitable remarks which one cannot read without feeling resentment. The author of the "Souvenirs," while accomplishing comparatively no good, at least did no harm, except to excite a desire to travel in those fancied regions where even for the sake of variety she *would* not find anything commonplace, and where even the beggars of Italy were pronounced models of beauty and "charming" grace.

I would advise the author of the letters in the New York journal to profit by the kindly influence of the "Souvenirs of Travel," at least where one of her own sex is the subject to be treated of.

CHAPTER X.

THE CAPTIVE EMPEROR.

WHILE the worldly wise, or those who changed their politics with the successful current of popular opinion, were condemning the fatal mistake of the unhappy Emperor, we, with heartfelt gratitude to God, were rejoicing to find his "lines had fallen in pleasant places," and at the magnanimous conduct of his noble-hearted captor, who accorded him a sympathy in his terrible misfortunes, denied him by the French people. Whatever may be the opinion entertained by the enlightened world as to the coup d'état, all must acknowledge that the Emperor had done his utmost to reconcile order with liberty, that in the degree he

thought it opportune in the interest of France he had divested himself of his extraordinary powers ; and that if when the war broke out, there was not in France a thoroughly parliamentary government in the best sense of the term, the fault lay with the self-constituted champions of liberty—the democratic leaders, who even now in this crisis, in which the safety of France was at stake, postponed the general good to the gratification of their personal resentments. They affected a desire for peace, but the unparalleled demands addressed to their conquerors, seem to invite a contrary result.

M. Jules Favre has frequently asserted that rather than grant any cession of territory, or any other dishonourable condition, he would prefer *guerre à outrance.* He blames Napoleon for his selfishness in endeavouring to save the dynasty, accusing him of having sacrificed the lives of thousands to a personal ambition. Yet when the Minister of Foreign Affairs had the opportunity of stopping this fearful car-

nage, did not his own ambition lead him to continue the war, to prove to the world that victories were to be won under a Republic, which the manacled hands of an Empire were unable to accomplish ?

It was most fortunate that King William could not be induced to regard his prisoner in the light of a heartless and selfish adventurer, which these "most wise and reverend seigniors" would fain have proved their master to have been. King William holds France responsible for the war, and is not to be deceived by the conquered nation which so short a time previously gave their evidence of approval to the acts of its sovereign, by so many million of votes, granting him a new lease of power.

Now that France is defeated, the Republican government wishes to cast the whole burden of the great disaster on the empire, and to shake hands in friendship with Prussia, without forfeiting anything for the mistake. This view of the situation is so characteristically French, that it is almost impossible to criticise it.

France, according to MM. Jules Favre and Louis Blanc, is to profit by all the wisdom of her rulers, but is never to pay anything for their mistakes. France is to be the exception to every rule, and to enjoy exemption from every law. France, in the name of Napoleon, proclaims an unjust war, and when defeated she refuses to pay the penalty. France may conquer territory, but is never to lose it. She will concede nothing, not even acknowledge her own defeat.

We cannot but pronounce Jules Favre's entire course to be deplorably insincere. His circulars evinced verbal ingenuity, but deceived no one but himself; and are proofs of how a man may attain the reputation of a patriot, while unable to support the character of a statesman. He is a Republican, and his watchwords are Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; yet one of his first acts is to refuse freedom to fight for their country to three of its noblest exiles under the Empire, "fearing it might cause dissension," and the Duke d'Aumale, the

Prince de Joinville, and the Duke de Chartres were forced to sheathe their swords until such time as Liberty herself should open the door at which the Republic stood sentinel; and this explains why the Prince de Joinville always commenced his communications by "J'attends."

The French journals commenting on these words, remarks, "If he cannot come in at the door, he will at the window: *et il est par consequence toujours en attendance.*" While we can easily comprehend the banishment from the *Empire* of these heir-expectants of the throne, we are at a loss to reconcile their being forbidden to aid in the defence of their country, when that country boasts of the freedom it accords to the most humble to enjoy the rights and privileges of French nationality.

We are not surprised that King William did not hold the Emperor guilty of the war, as the inconsistency of the French Republic with their professions was sufficient to prove his innocence; and when the noble-hearted king appointed his illustrious pri-

soner his quarters, he sent him to Cassel, to the beautiful palace of Wilhelmshöhe, even in this selection paying him a compliment, for it had been the favourite residence of Napoleon's uncle, Jerome, formerly king of Westphalia. This palatial retreat consists of a château and park on the east slope of the Habichtswald Mountains, and its surroundings are in the luxurious taste of the last century. There are hot-houses, temples of Apollo and Mercury, waterfalls, pheasant-houses, and a Chinese village with a fountain—perhaps the largest in the world. Its column of water, which rises to one hundred and ninety feet, is twelve feet in thickness.

At the farthest and highest point of the grounds is an odd-looking building of octagonal shape, with a series of cascades descending from its foot through five basins to a grotto of Neptune. The building at the top of the cascade is named Riesenschloss, from a colossal statue, an immensely enlarged copy of the Farnese Hercules, the club having a cavity in which nine people can sit. Such is Wilhelmshöhe.

Unwilling even when the Emperor was dethroned, disarmed, helpless, and deserted, to strip the crown from his brow, King William entered into correspondence with the Empress as Regent, proposing peace on terms far more favourable than any ever offered to Jules Favre, or rather to M. Thiers. Count Bismarck offered to enforce the agreement together with the restoration of the Imperial Regency at Paris.

To the honour of the Empress Eugenie she promptly declined the tempting proposal. Considering that French dynasties have been accustomed to disregard conditions of re-establishment when displaced, the renunciation of the opportunity argues a high degree of patriotism and magnanimity. Very few sovereigns, or consorts of sovereigns, would have had, under like circumstances, the courage to stand firm against the temptations to intrigue for a restoration.

La Grande Nation is still dear in the eyes of the Empress, who loves it, with all its faults, too well to see it dismembered ; as

a mother, she loves this prodigal child, rushing forth to its ruin; but she prays in silence and tears for its longed-for expected return to the loving arms ever ready to embrace it.

Her attitude is grand, her course is wise, her soul is noble, she is endowed with all the qualities which form a noble woman. Should the Prince Imperial ever be restored to his rights, he will owe much of his success to his mother's exalted course of action.

The young Prince's career has thus far been marked with a noble bearing which might well adorn the aged, and when we think of him in his tender youth exposed to the dangers of the battle field, we ask ourselves who is the man or woman in France that dares deny the devotion of the Imperial family to the French people?

And yet there are those who go so far as to condemn the mother for sending forth her son to such scenes. Had she not done so, a cry would have been heard in the land,

—mothers mourning the yielding up of their sons, while she refused her sacrifice on the altar of the country.

Eugenie needed no such reproof. She gave the foremost in the ranks, her only child, and though she did not as a Spartan mother say, "Come with your shield or on it," she prayed as a Christian mother prays whose duty and sacrifice is required. No nation on earth demands of its rulers such fearful proofs of sincerity as France. No one, unless well acquainted with French history, and the jealous character of the French people, can fully understand how heavy is the responsibility of him who wears the crown. Whether the Emperor is responsible for the calamities of which he has been the first victim, is a question no one can yet pretend to decide.

He is dethroned and fallen, let us remember the good he accomplished and essayed with the severe and trying difficulties he had to encounter. As we had been, ever been, his admirers in the days

of its glory, so now in its defeat and sorrow we frankly declare our belief that the reign of Napoleon III. was one under which the French nation eminently flourished.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FRENCH IN AMERICA.

M. JULES FAVRE has, according to the best authority, always been a Republican. Could we suppose for a moment that he or any other Frenchman understood or could conceive the true signification of republicanism, we could forgive in a measure the error, or rather crime, for which the party, so styled in France, must ever be held responsible.

As Americans we feel proud that our glorious country should be held in such high esteem—that other countries should desire to follow her noble example in all that is good, great, or progressive. But we would advise M. Jules Favre, if he or

any one else of his persuasion indulges in the vain hope of ever making or establishing a republic in France, to go to the United States of America, Louisiana, for instance, which is thoroughly French, and judge what advance has been made by the French under the dominion of the "Stars and Stripes." The leopard cannot change his spots, nor can there be anything made of a Frenchman, but a Frenchman. No matter where you find him he is the same egotistic individual.

As it is well known, Louisiana is one of the Southern States, and one of the most beautiful and susceptible of improvement. It has had, however, the misfortune to be alternately owned by France and Spain, which of course induced a large immigration from both countries, the greater number being from France; consequently to-day two-thirds of the population of Louisiana is French or Creole, as these people are called, which with them signifies native-born of French origin.

Now we would advise M. Jules Favre to

examine the map of Louisiana, and he will at once perceive that it differs from all the rest of the States in the names of its lakes, rivers, cities, villages, and towns. All are essentially French, the counties are called parishes, the districts municipalities; the French name for everything, and everything being French.

Louisiana is one of the richest States in America, and while the inhabitants have had it in their power to avail themselves of all the advantages of a republic, they are found farther behind in education and morality than any other people of the Union.

They cry out for a Republic in France, yet in what condition do you find their descendants to-day in America? Thousands in a state of Egyptian darkness while representing millions, their wealth as incalculable as their ignorance. They do not believe in advancement nor improvement, nor will they patronise anything that is not French.

Here you will find families whose great-

grandfathers were born in Louisiana who are unable to speak one word of English, and with all the assurance imaginable, will tell you that the French tongue is the only perfect and refined language in the world; that it is not, in fact, worth while to learn English.

This vanity might be in some degree pardonable, did they speak French, but such gibberish as they dignify with the name of a language, might make a monkey think seriously of compiling a dictionary. Yet our schools, our public schools, of which all Americans are so justly proud, are open to them, in them they may receive an education which is capable of fitting them for any position in life (it matters not how elevated) that they might aspire to.

But no: they do not believe in education. They will not send their children to the public schools, and are too parsimonious to employ teachers for them at home, so they grow to the ages of twelve or fifteen, when the girl is sent to a convent and the

boy to a Jesuit college for a session or two. The girl, her first communion made, her fingers trained to the keys of the piano, her throat ventilated with two or three arias from as large a number of operas, returns from school, and, as in the mother country, mamma looks out for a dôt (dower) for her daughter corresponding to her own; so that in all things French customs are adhered to, and they regard with pitying contempt les bêtes Americaines.

It is to be regretted that such a beautiful country should be cursed with such a people. They neither serve their God nor their government. They are too indolent for any purpose, except the exercise of their faculty of bringing trouble and difficulty on more peaceable people.

At Baton Rouge, Donaldsonville, St. Martinsville, Terrebonne, New Orleans, and every place throughout the State wherever trouble has arisen you will find it has been amongst the French or Creole population. They are a quarrelsome, treacherous people. Every one who is

acquainted with the State will agree that in Donaldsonville, as well as Baton Rouge, and all the other places I have named, or might name, that if fifty persons were asked a question, forty-nine could not answer in English.

The French do not like America, nor American institutions. A republic does not suit them. M. Favre would be no more pleased with our form of government than your countrymen. It will do for a change, and a change the French must always have. But a republic for the French is a mere farce!

We have known the French under the most glorious government (if not abused) conceived by man. The French do not know—never can comprehend what *citizen* means. Their egotism has kept and ever will keep them in profound ignorance. If M. Favre would only visit the descendants of his countrymen in Louisiana, he would return satisfied, with what they might, and fail to, accomplish under a republic. He would soon be convinced that his

time might have been better employed than in overturning a government, which, if not faultless, was better, far better suited to the French than any he, or the leaders of the Republican party, can establish for them.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, are all very good in the abstract, and we admit it to be a capital motto for a flag designed to raise a mob and revolutionize things generally.

Let us propound a question to M. Favre. Now that you have equalized them all, what do you propose to do with them? —the shoe-makers, butchers, tailors, &c.? Do you intend fraternizing with them to the degree that your will invite them home to dine with you? We would advise M. Jules Favre not to try to hoodwink the world at large any longer, or endeavour to convince us that his faith is in Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. Liberty to all, we grant, but we have no use for the equality and fraternity; we do not apply it in America. Oh, no! the mother of

Liberty never levelled distinctions in that style.

We do not wish him to forget while he is modelling this Utopian government, of which he seems to be the architect, that we have an aristocracy in America—the most tyrannical in the world, perhaps,—the *aristocracy of education*, and this, thank God! is accessible to all. In all other respects we cannot perceive, nor can we make any distinction between the position of the working-classes in Europe and those of our own country. We speak from personal knowledge of the north, east, south, and west of our country; that there a tailor is a tailor, a shoemaker a shoemaker, a butcher or baker a butcher or baker, and nothing more. The children of these people may aspire to any position in the land, if they possess the talent or ability, and attain it too, so may the parents if they can raise themselves above their trade through superiority of intellect; but while a man *is* a butcher, tailor, or baker, he *is* a butcher, tailor, or baker, and can only associate with

people like himself. So we beg he will preach as long and as loud as he likes, but please drop equality and fraternity, as these will serve him only long enough to form another government, when the people who construct his temple of Liberty will have to take a *back seat*, and thus give time for reflection. After *deep* meditation, they will find they have been gulled.

We see, wherever true intellect manifests itself, that the possessor finds no barrier to his highest aspirations, and we need not go to America to find illustration, as the proof is close at hand, in the person of Gambetta, the son of a *concierge*, who arose from obscurity in imperial France, to be placed among the stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the would-be Republic.

We remember an American lady having recounted a circumstance which occurred in Paris, after *egalité* became the vogue. This lady had sent for a seamstress, and the housekeeper wished to know if she should order a cover placed for her at the family-

table, to which the lady quietly responded, "no." Several days after this lady invited her *institutrice* to dine, and the housekeeper being ordered to place a cover for her at the family table, she did not fail to comment upon it, by saying she did not know why one person who worked for a living was not as good as another, and doubtless thought, for *Americans*, it was putting on considerable style. It was such confusion of political logic as a southern lady very recently overheard between her cook and laundress, after having concluded that *equality* was their "privilege," the old cook observed, "dat times was a gittin mighty hard, and collud pussans was mighty tired of a *scufflin*, dat if de Lord spared her she was gwine to lib wid folks where she could *set* at the same table wid, and *lay* in de same bed wid." In this social idea the laundress heartily concurred, and after a prolonged conversation 'con amore,' they parted, mutually pledged to "*back one another up.*"

To return to Louisiana. French people

have always been regarded the hardest task-masters, and when slavery existed you could not terrify a negro more than to threaten to sell him to a Frenchman. They never gave their slaves enough to eat, and the sheds they were sheltered under would not make a sty on an American's plantation. Their dwellings, with rare exceptions, are little low shanties such as you see all along the route from Dieppe to Paris. Ascend the Red River; go into the Opelousas country, down to the Belize, and everywhere you can immediately recognise the plantation of an American (as the Creoles term them); everything displays the grand scale upon which they carry out the idea of progress. If a Creole knew that the addition of a picket to his fence would transform his cabin to a palace, he is too lazy to place it there. When perhaps we would suggest improvements to him, he tells us his family is travelling in Europe, and that as they will most probably remain there for some years, or his sons and daughters marry there, that this

is good enough style for America, and then proceeds to describe in glowing terms the grandeur of *la belle France.* I refer to those who were born in Louisiana as well as those who go to America to make money, return to France to spend it, and seldom favour us with even their opinion of our country, unless leaving it as soon as possible be the strongest sentiment they can manifest. Should you, by mistake, ask one of the last style referred to, for whom he was going to vote, paying him thus the compliment of supposing him naturalized, if not civilized, he would cast upon you a look of the most withering scorn, and sarcastically remark he would vote for the Emperor, and then shrugging his shoulders, he would exclaim, "*Mon Dieu!* I am here only for the moment. Do you think I could spend my life in *such* a country? What have you here?" We reply, nothing to suit the taste of the vicious. Yes, this little man longs to accumulate a gigantic fortune, that he may return to Paris to live in a hotel of his own,—(ye simple Ameri-

cans, permit us to inform you that *hotel* in France means a private residence, and not as in America a place of accommodation for all who may be able to pay for their entertainment,)—and to drive out on these celebrated boulevards, where these people who presume to proclaim themselves the most "spiritual" of all others may be publicly seen to commit indecencies such as would disgust a North American Indian.

When the struggle in America between North and South was ended, when freedom was proclaimed, and the doors of theatres and all places of public amusement were thrown open to the negro, the French Opera in New Orleans, which is strictly a French or Creole resort and sustained by them, closed its doors against the negro, and night after night have Creole young gentlemen gone to the opera armed to prevent the entrance of any one suspected of having negro blood in his veins, determined to use force of any kind to prevent such intrusion. Yet in France we discover the negro is at a premium.

This is the equality they recognize in America under a republic, which they in vain essay to establish. Now this exclusion of caste would be in a measure excusable, had they shouldered their muskets in defence of their country's rights, but on the contrary, all who had the means at hand or who could raise a loan, fled to Europe with their families; those with less fortune, who did not possess means to quit the country, took to the swamps and marshes when the recruiting officer was about, and there they stayed until it was safe to reappear.

I think Louisiana was the only southern state disgraced by deserters—French deserters. Such is your creole. He will not fight except with words; but there are no people on earth so exacting in demanding what they term their rights. I do not think them suited to a republic—not an American republic, at all events. The French are wedded to their ignorance, and it matters not what advantages are offered them, they do not wish to profit by them. Government has nothing to do with it—

empire, kingdom, or republic, it is all the same. It is their conceit (which, to persons not having lived among them is incomprehensible) that keeps them in darkness.

M. Jules Favre's success in overturning the empire is not surprising. Those who devote their lives to the accomplishment of a base act, generally triumph, however severely they may afterwards expiate it. We cannot see how these people are going to be benefited, except merely in the change of name. As for rights and privileges, what more can be guaranteed to them than under a republic? Americans, *born* in the land of liberty, are struck dumb at what these people call oppression in France. Where is the oppression? I confess to be unable to find a symbol or evidence of it. Such liberty as they have always had under the Empire, might more justly be called a Republic, unless they expect to live entirely without labour; and it almost amounts to that in France. A servant in America will do more work in one day than a French domestic in *three* days: while they are the

most incompetent, they are the most insolent, and, at the same time, dishonest menials in the world in every sense of the word. They will say to you, "I am going to America; it is a great and free country; if we had such a government how happy we should be." My advice to all such is: *Please stay at home:* we have already enough of such as you. If we cannot induce to our shores peace-makers, we can dispense with peace-breakers — national gamblers, who cast the fortunes of a nation on the board and gamble it off, as they do their watch or chain, when the last dollar disappears, as the only means to refill their empty pockets. Such is the style of the modern philanthropist-politician and benefactor of the human race.

CHAPTER XII.

NOVEMBER FIRST AND THIRTIETH.

THE 1st of November, or All Saints' Day, is in France, as in America, devoted to the memory of the dead; and as we had never seen the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, we arose quite early and commenced the day's devotion by attending High Mass at Nôtre Dame. This grand old cathedral, it is said, was erected on the site of an altar to Jupiter, and has been too often described to need mention. On the 1st, its solemn aisles were dim with incense, as through them passed the stately and imposing procession of priests, with their benign-looking Shepherd, the Archbishop, in his superb robes of crimson-velvet and gold. Three

times this grand cortège, bearing all the insignia of the priesthood, passed around and through the church, while music from the organs floated to our ears and blended harmoniously with the countless murmured prayers for the dead.

There were many, very many, whose hearts were aching for the loved and recent dead, but we prayed for the *living* and absent as well. We could not forget that before this grand altar Eugénie had knelt as a bride when the consent of the nation and the love of Napoleon created her Empress of the French. And here, too, the young Prince Imperial received baptism amidst the thousands who witnessed with joy this priceless gift of a mother's love to a nation, whose future she thus confided to their keeping—a high and holy trust. Everything recalled souvenirs of the Imperial family, nor could we concentrate our minds upon the service for the dead, but found our thoughts wandering from Wilhelmshöhe to Brussels, from Brussels to London, Hastings, and the Isle of Wight—wher-

ever rumour located a member of the unhappy family; and we would ask ourselves where are they now?

From Nôtre Dame we went to Père-la-Chaise, and all along the way we met thousands carrying flowers in bouquets, wreaths, and garlands. Some were in carriages, but most on foot; and the moving embankment of human beings which blocked the sides of the streets for miles, seemed as if they might be going to perform rites in the Temple of Flora, instead of being mourners at the tombs of the dead. For the length of several streets before we reached the cemetery, the crowd was so dense that carriages were obliged to stop, and their occupants to descend and walk the rest of the way in close phalanx, with the thousands pressing forward through the gates.

We entered, and slowly moved onward towards the Jewish burial-ground, and paid there our first respects to the two principal monuments—Rachel's (the *tragédienne*) and Baron Rothschild's. Flowers were blooming

in the vases in front of Rachel's, placed there (as the monument) by her children. We thought of "the soul of fire in the body of gauze," as the Bey of Tunis called her; and we thought, like him, the fire had caught the gauze and consumed the body; and here rests the urn which contains all left of one who could thrill, with a glance or word, the listening and enwrapt multitude—sleeping in silence and alone.

We lingered only long enough to see the Rothschilds' tomb. It is quite simple, not at all imposing, and placed in this obscure part of the cemetery, it would make us think they had sought out a sepulchre as near to the original of their ancestry as possible, "in the cave of the field of Machpelah before Mamre, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan." There is no pomp displayed in the style of the monument, but they glory in the highest epitaph inscribed to man—the foundation of their colossal fortune rests upon the corner-stone of—HONESTY.

Turning into the peopled walks again,

we visited the tombs of Demidoff, Casimir Perier, Mademoiselle Mars, Talma, Béranger, and legions of the illustrious dead. At last, we came to the little square ivy-covered bed, where rest the remains of Marshal Ney, and then our thoughts went back to the Old Guard, and we were about to lose ourselves once more in the glories of the departed, who had won undying fame beneath the Imperial standard. But we were reluctantly forced to follow our companions who were less wrapt in visions of martial conquest, but had strong faith in the victories of Love and Fidelity, and were searching for the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, which we soon discovered and found fairly covered with wreaths and flowers.

Just as we arrived, we saw a party of young gentlemen bearing wreaths of immortelles, which we felt convinced were destined for this shrine of Love. We walked around the tomb (in form of a chapel,) which is fast decaying, and thought if some pious abbé, or nun, did not soon

come to its relief and raise a subscription for repairs, this monument, designed to perpetuate the morality of their institutions, must succumb to the rude touch of Time, as the Gothic arches and the roof are crumbling away. As we stood gazing upon it Pope's beautiful and impassioned lines occurred to us :—

> "Nay, fly me! fly me! far as pole from pole,
> Rise Alps between us, and whole oceans roll!
> Nay, think not, write not, speak not once to me;
> Nor share one pang of all I've felt for thee."

And so "life's fitful fever over," here they rest, and the sin which had rendered their life one of regret, shame and sorrow, has in death immortalized them, and the piety which in life would have been shocked at the bare mention of such licensed immorality, comes here to drop a tear of sympathy and absolution.

As we turned to leave, there came an old man to a tomb close by at the left corner fronting that of Heloise and Abelard, and after standing some moments at the grave of his beloved dead, his eyes bathed

in tears, he glanced around, as though in search of something, and then reaching over towards a neighbouring monument, he stripped from it a beautiful overhanging branch with which he brushed away the dust from his family tomb. Poor old man! While a deep feeling of reverence and sadness moved our hearts we could not resist a smile at this *human* act of improving his own property at the expense of another's.

We next proceeded to the little chapel on the hill-side, leaving our party of young gentlemen still lingering around the tomb of the lovers, as they were evidently awaiting the moment when we should be out of sight, to deposit their offerings. In short, we spent hours in this City of the Dead, and visited the graves of the great and the rich, as well as the humble and poor —those where

> "No marble marks their couch of lowly sleep,
> But living statues there are seen to weep;
> Affection's semblance bends not o'er the tomb,
> Affection's self deplores their early doom."

Standing on the elevation which over-

looks Paris, we felt, though there is no magnificence where the poor of earth dwell in their narrow beds, they have God's bright sunshine above them, and the bright blue firmament a star-spangled pall, which shall hang above them until "the heavens themselves shall pass away." There are no grand pathways through which you may pass and read at respectful distance, the which the successful in life have made honoured in death. Oh, no! But we find them close—close pressed together, in communion with each other, and our feet are clasped with the flowers which spring above their breasts, and we read in beaded wreaths, and garlands—"To my Mother. To my Father. To my Brother. To my Sister." Or, again, "To Adéle. To Louise. Regrets. Remembrance. Love, or Fidelity." Some touching, yet simple sentiment breathing a thousand unutterable regrets.

When descending the declivity, we met our party of young gentlemen again; they had placed their flowers somewhere, and

as we passed on our way out the tomb of Heloise and Abelard, we recognized the wreaths at their feet, as those borne by our votaries of Love.

It was late when we left the cemetery, towards which crowds were still advancing, and it was some time before we could find our carriage, which we had left several streets away. All the way home was filled with people coming and going, and night closed in and hung her mantle of darkness between the living and the dead.

November, though a beautiful month, brought with it our first experience of the siege, and though we had heard much of suffering, we could not realize it, as our larder seemed inexhaustible, and contained all one could desire; however, when our caterer called upon us one morning for ninety francs as the price of a ham, we grew somewhat alarmed, and still more so when, instead of a chicken every day at nineteen or twenty francs, we were reduced to half a chicken a day for a party of four persons, and at the exorbitant price of

twenty or twenty-five francs. There were still vegetables and butter to be had, at high prices; the butter twelve or fourteen francs per pound; but we felt quite safe if we could obtain these articles, and rich milk for our coffee, such as we procured every day, as we knew we should not starve on such fare.

At this period the chief topic of conversation, in boudoir or salon, was the *cuisine*, and the most refined and delicate did not hesitate to manifest the greatest interest in everything pertaining to the composition of a dish. "How do you live?" or "What do you find to eat?" were the questions invariably asked, and when we told persons that we had every day upon our bill-of-fare chicken, eggs, and butter, together with fresh milk, they would look at us as if they thought we were boasting, and inquire where we found them? This question we ourselves could never answer, as our *chef* only knew, and as we felt the *chef* made the extra profits, deemed it useless to inquire, satisfied to obtain these

luxuries and remain in ignorance of percentages, though, like the Duke of Sutherland, we were often inclined to write a book upon the subject. The gardens from which the vegetables were obtained were all in the open spaces of ground round the walls of Paris, which were protected by the forts, and as we always had lettuce, cauliflower, and celery, we were anxious to go and visit these gardens, where these flowers of beauty and *sweetness* grew. Oh, yes! we quite admired them, and resolved, if ever we survived the siege, to use our influence in bringing into notice the cauliflower as a proper and graceful adornment of the chignon, or *bouquet de corsage.*

We had very little to amuse us, except riding out, or writing letters to send by balloon post; in fact, we were almost in despair for something to do. Visiting was quite at an end; no one gave entertainments except such as took occasion to make their receptions a thing to be noticed, their inappropriateness being the only distinguishing feature about them, as the fashion-

able world, or those who swayed the sceptre in time of "the season," had long closed their doors to visitors, except the reception of an intimate friend. Writing letters was rather a one-sided affair, for we could not expect replies: there was not much pleasure, as it were, in *writing letters to ourselves.* However agreeable a *tête-à-tête* may be where we do all the talking, it is stupid when reduced to letter-writing. Besides, as the Prussians were on the *qui vive* for every balloon, the "Daguerre" having been captured, we did not know when some of our correspondence might fall into their possession and be published; and as we are in the habit of always saying just what we think, it might not have been safe for us, with either the French or the Prussians.

Several balloons had been captured, and the next medium was to transmit despatches by the carrier-pigeons. The *modus operandi* may be interesting to the many, who are familiar only with these little birds, as the ancient style of messengers employed by lovers.

" Fly away to my native land, sweet dove,
Fly away to my native land,
And bear these lines to my lady-love,
Which I've traced with a feeble hand."

The carrier-pigeon is larger than the common pigeon, measuring about fifteen inches in length, and weighing about one pound and a quarter. An appendage of naked skin hangs across its bill, and continues down on either side to the lower mandible. Its value is estimated according to its shape and size. Its strong instinctive love of home is the quality that renders it so valuable, and fits it for its functions as a carrier. The birds are regularly trained when young, their trainers taking them at first short distances from home, and then turning them loose. Those that fail to return home are considered stupid, and rejected as valueless. Those that return home are then taken to greater distances, progressively increased from two miles to a thousand. The good birds return home with unerring certainty.

The birds are sometimes kept in a dark

pla ce for some hours before they are used, and sparingly fed, but abundantly watered. The paper upon which the message is written is carefully tied around the upper part of the bird's leg, but so as not to impede its flight.

An old English ballad and a line from Tasso imply that the original way of suspending the despatch was from the wing, or around the neck; but the above method is that now in use. The employment of the carrier-pigeon dates from remote antiquity. The rapidity of the flight of this bird is almost incredible. Audubon speaks of passenger pigeons shot in the neighbourhood of New York with their craws full of rice, which the birds could not have procured nearer than the rice-fields of Georgia and South Carolina.

The same naturalist observes that as their power of digestion is so great that they entirely decompose food in twelve hours, the birds which were killed in the neighbourhood of New York must have travelled between three and four hundred miles in six hours.

When the annual prize for the best carrier-pigeons was adjudged at Ghent, in 1833, twenty-four birds, which had been conveyed from that place, were thrown up at Rouen at fifty-five minutes past nine o'clock in the morning. The distance is one hundred and fifty miles. The first pigeon arrived in Ghent in one hour and a half; sixteen came in within two hours and a half, and three in the course of the day. Four were lost. The rate at which the first bird flew was a hundred miles in the hour. When thrown up the bird rises, and when it has reached a good height will at first fly round and round, and then make off, continuing on the wing without stop or stay, unless prevented, till its well-known home is reached.

These dear little birds were pets with us all, and whenever we heard of one of them being wounded, we could not resist shedding tears, and I think every one who endured the privations and hardships of the siege should adopt as a crest, or have added to their own the carrier-pigeon, the

faithful little courier to the absent. On the 24th of November, thanksgiving day, we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Washburne, who called after church, not finding us where he had expected to meet all Americans, and on entering reprovingly exclaimed:

"What! not been to church? This is thanksgiving day—the day we all celebrate. How do you propose spending it? I have commenced it at church, and expect to end it by dining *on turkey*, our usual sacrifice in America."

"Dining on turkey!" we replied, "this is certainly a Sybarite's feast. I fear we shall be obliged to dine on a half of a chicken: our dinners are now but empty pageants, and unless to promenade on the Champs Elysées, or visit an ambulance, we know of no method by which we can consecrate the day of good works."

Mr. Washburne then informed us that the gates of the Bois de Boulogne were open, and that a fine view of Mont Valerien might be obtained from the Point du Jour.

As we had not been in the Bois since the siege, we acted upon this suggestion, and towards two o'clock drove to the Bois, and entered by the porte Maillot. This visit was perhaps one of the saddest during my sojourn in the invested city. With grief we beheld the trees cut down, which had in other days afforded equal shade to the rich and poor.

The fête of St. Catherine, which the young people of Paris usually celebrated here on the 25th of November, was destined this year to be remembered only as one of the joys departed with the birds and trees and flowers. There was now no inducement for a holiday in the Bois, as there were no young companions to whisper of love and eternal fidelity, and call as witness the babbling brooks and rushing waterfalls.

All was now silent, and at the foot of these trees were seen the young and the aged gathering fagots to kindle their fires. All around the lake, and in the midst of

the woods were seen innumerable parties of men, women, and children, forming baskets of vines or pliant wood, in which they carried a species of herb they gathered from amongst the verdure, and of which it is said they make salad. And not the poor only, for most of these people (and the Bois was alive with them) appeared quite respectable and well clothed. This, however, indicates nothing, as without exception, the French poor are the best dressed in the world, *even the beggars* are well clad and comfortable; a ragged person is never met in France.

The whole scene reminded us of many such views in the days of our childhood, when with our baskets we went "berrying" in the fields and woods. But, alas! when we thought that this was a search not after the delicacies of life, but the necessities of the half-famished, the smiles which the recollections of earlier days recalled, faded from our lips. We left the Bois with saddened hearts, after gathering a branch

of a small tree which stood alone, and appeared left to mark the line of desolation.

On returning to our residence, we did not fail to notice the almost angry glances the poorer classes cast upon us as we drove by them in coroneted carriage with liveried servants, (the property of an absentee, which had been placed at our disposal), and we thought in future a fiacre would be much safer to drive out in. The feeling of hatred was daily increasing against those who were seemingly favoured by heaven with the possession of more of this world's goods than others, and when one morning in the bright sunshine we walked to mass at the church of St. Augustine, a woman of the people remarked as we passed her :

" You need not carry that parasol, the sun would not burn you !"

We grew faint as we thought of this same style of woman going out to Versailles, and placing on the head of Marie Antoinette the cap of the working-class women. Did they suppose, poor ignorant creatures, that

this metamorphosed her into one of themselves, or changed the rich and royal current flowing through her veins to the leaden, sluggish, venomous stream which coursed through their own?

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," would be the most charitable prayer; and when day by day they accused their generals of treason, and openly denounced them to be traitors and dastards, crying out "War to the knife!" we were not surprised at the gentle and forgiving reply of General Trochu, when he heard of this determination which emanated from the chiefs of one of the clubs, whose motto was "War to the knife!"

"I'm not surprised," the General remarked, "that these gentlemen should proclaim such sentiments. They can well afford to discuss this part at least of military tactics, for their knowledge of warfare has never extended beyond the use of the restaurant knife."

General Ducrot, whom the Prussians had taken prisoner at Sedan, and whom

they still claim, was engaged in most of the sorties made around Paris, and he and General Trochu alternately fell victims to the unreasonable demands of the people. Though encouraging news was daily received from the provinces, it was considered unreliable, and Gambetta in vain sent despatches from Tours, reassuring the people of unlimited success outside. With these hopes several sorties were made. For three days they had fought outside the walls within our hearing, and unable to remain in the house any longer, we drove out, directing our coachman to approach as near the scene of action as possible. The battle seemed to rage at Charenton, and we could see the smoke plainly. As we drove through the streets, we found all along the route people like ourselves, wending their way towards the gate.

Every place from the Hotel de Ville to the walls of Paris was crowded, and a more silent and undemonstrative assemblage was never beheld. If sympathy was with either party, it was not expressed by word or

look, and men and women seemed to regard the action with a stoical indifference. In the human embankment we noticed but *one* woman who shed tears, and a lady of our party, looking out of the carriage, said: "*Is* that a woman crying or not? *she is,* positively! but depend upon it, if the cause of those tears was investigated, you would discover *she had lost her dog!*"

This remark was so true to nature, or rather to the character of French women, that we could not resist laughing, though we were surrounded by the dead and dying. As we approached the gate of Charenton, the concourse was so great that we were compelled to turn into by-streets. Finally we reached the point to which carriages were allowed, and here we met a file of ambulances crowded with the wounded, and General Renaud borne on a litter. A few days afterwards he died, and was buried at Les Invalides. Carriages passed in which were borne swiftly along wounded Prussian prisoners guarded by the soldiers and surrounded by the populace. In al-

most *every* ambulance were seen the poor soldiers of the line, and they throughout the struggle, and in every part of France, had borne the brunt of warfare.

Poor fellows! how they have suffered, and to *what* purpose?

France owes her soldiers of the line a debt of which no simple monument would be a recognition. Too much praise cannot be accorded them. Everywhere they did their duty, and *more* than their duty. And now, as we saw them piled on the straw in the ambulances, with the blood streaming from their poor wasted limbs, our hearts sickened at the sight.

Amongst the first of the ambulances we noticed our own, as the bannerets on the sides informed us. "Always active in good works," we thought, as it passed us, and then another, and another.

When we got out of the carriage we walked to the embankment on a line with the gate, and, mounting it, prepared to take a good view. But, alas for human resolves! we were told by the sentinel that we must

descend. Of course, not wishing to set an example of disobedience, we were reluctantly forced to come down. But the scene where we stood was not wanting in interest.

Thousands thronged around the gates and the passages leading thereto, and every kind of vehicle was employed in bringing in the sufferers. We heard all at once a sound of martial music, and the tread of soldiers. Finding our old sentinel's back turned, we all ran up the embankment, just in time to have a view of the National Guard returning from the field, and as they defiled around the ramparts and through the gates, the steel of their bayonets glistening in the sunlight, it was a lovely sight; while the smoke of battle in the distance and the sound of thundering cannon made us feel as if we were in the midst of the strife.

We had no admiration for the National Guard—never could have, but they made a very pretty picture (as ruins make the best *on canvas*).

Just as this procession passed through

the gate at Charenton, the American minister drove by in his carriage, with an old gentleman who had fought in the battles of Napoleon I., a M. Corbett, a Franco-Irishman.

We did not remain long on the embankment, but we had a fine view of the "promised land," and were anxious to see more. Our kind-hearted old sentinel now and then indulgently turned his back, and whenever we found he had passed us for the other end of his beat, we would rush up, take a good view, and by the time he was ready to turn we would be all right, in position beneath. Finding we were successful in our attempts, several tried the same game, but were not so kindly dealt with.

An old man had vainly tried several times to rush up and peep over, but was each time repulsed by the sentinel with pointed bayonet. The poor old man stood there on tip-toe, craning his neck and looking towards the goal of his ambition with longing eyes. Our good kind old sentinel

(I should know him amid a thousand), took pity on his curiosity and allowed him to mount and stand beside him and look over. Once in position, it was ludicrous to observe his zeal in keeping order, being much more strict in preventing intrusion on forbidden ground than the officer on duty.

Until sunset we stood watching the ambulances, coming in so close together that the horses' heads of one ambulance were touching the carriages which preceded. All, all were filled with poor bleeding victims, pale, fatigued, some extended upon the floor, others propped up in the arms of a comrade. Thus they were returning—some to be sent to the hospitals, where cared for, they would be restored to health to be sent back again to fight — others to die, be entombed and forgotten.

The end of this month, like its commencement, was spent in the midst of the most dolorous scenes — the difference being between the dead, the dying and the wounded.

On the 1st of November, we mourned

only the dead, and felt the emotion natural in visiting the graves of our friends and brothers in their last repose. Their struggle we felt was over, and they were now at rest.

To-day, the scene was one of anguish, and we returned to our homes with feelings of indescribable pain, and as we looked out upon the sky that night, the moon gazed coldly down upon the field of battle. The clouds roll on in their course; not a sound, except the booming of cannon—when the smoke clears away, the dead and the dying —the French and the Prussian are seen together.

It is a sad moonlight, we thought, for the families of the poor soldiers — their houses are desolate, and the fire is quenched on their hearths. The dogs cared for by their hands howl at the gate; the flowers they loved have perished. The fountains dry and the marbles broken; the winds sigh in the branches of the trees, and the birds forget their songs and fly into the empty chambers seeking the loved and lost who

are destined to return no more. The babbling brooks that were wont to play in the neighbouring forests are silent and dry; the rivers, winding on in their course, murmur "gone! gone!" The hills extend their necks as though searching in the distance some sign of the return of those children who had in days long fled played at their feet. But never, never more, we answer. The sun, the moon, the stars, the flowers, and change of seasons all return, but the most beautiful and grand work of God—man! awaits the call Supreme, and when man shall return, those other works of His power will perish, to return no more.

Thus our sole hope of rejoining the beloved and brave is in heaven, where the combats of life are over, and where we have an eternal peace. Death accomplished, our noble brothers look down from heaven on this land of desolation from their rest in security from all evil, and thus with confidence in their happiness in that world with the warriors of the Cross, we draw the veil

between time and eternity, and cast upon their tombs the pensées and immortelles preserved in our hearts and watered by our tears.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SIEGE PROPER.

AND now the siege, the advances of which we had dreaded, was fairly proclaimed by the most fearful of all wants—the want of light, and we were entering in gloom upon the horrors of a famine. No coal was to be had, or charcoal, and the poor were suffering for want of these. There was even little firewood. Desolation stalked through the land, and the city of Paris was silent as though the Angel of Death was passing over it.

Hushed but deep agony was marked upon almost every face, while not a hope shone forth from the darkness brooding

over this ocean of misery. Night or day made but little difference in the sombre picture, and perishing of cold and hunger, these unfortunate people seemed to await the termination of the siege nobly—yes, nobly; for the siege of Paris and the besieged cities of France are the only glories the nation has to boast of in the last bitter struggle. With all their frivolity they knew *how* to suffer. Though no wail went up, it was evident they would regard peace with satisfaction. Hunger and disease walked side by side through the streets of their once beautiful capital.

How is it possible to describe the ravages of hunger, cold, and disease! How attempt to portray their march as they stole mercilessly onward!

Even with the wealthy (except a very small number who had laid in stores), a "cuisine" had been long since dispensed with, and as it was impossible to obtain wood except at fabulous prices, families in general were obliged to sit by their kitchen fires.

Ceremony was entirely ignored, except by those exceedingly fashionable and hospitable people who would insist on entertaining their friends, and the *ménu* of whose table generally consisted of the following tempting dishes :—

Potage gras de cheval—au millet.

Relevé :

Eminée de. rable de chat—sauce mayonnaise.

Foie de chien en brochettes.

Entrées :

Epaules de. chien, sauce· tomate.

Civat de chat aux champignons.

Côtlettes de. chien aux petits pois.

Salmis de rats sauce Robert.

Rôtis :

Gigots de chien flanqués de ratons, sauce poivrade.

Begonia au jus.

Salade, etc.

Plum-pudding Anglais à la moelle de cheval.

This sumptuous banquet was generally announced, "à cheval, messieurs! à cheval!"

Almost every one had feasted on horse-meat, and the most delicate epicures pronounced it excellent "sauce à la faim." Horse broth was said to be as good as the best beef, and donkey the most delicious of all the novelties. As to rats, cats, and dogs, they were at a premium, and when one evening a lady entered our residence, and recounted a scene she had witnessed in coming to us, we were certain we might be served with a "ragoût of lapin" for dinner.

She said, when she rang the bell, it was several minutes before the gate was opened, and when she did enter, she found the concierge, coachman and all the servants of the establishment in chase of a cat. The poor creature was running hither and thither in search of a means of egress, but every avenue was closed with tin pans and other articles. Not a route lay open, and the poor animal stood at bay, its back humped and its eyes flaming.

"What are you doing?" the lady inquired, "or what do you want with the cat?"

"We are going to throw it in the river; it steals everything."

"But there is nothing for it to steal," replied the lady. "Surely the little we have these days a cat even would have too much good feeling to deprive us of or purloin."

"Ah, madame!" the chief of the chase answered, "cette chatte là, est une chatte française, et elles sont toutes voleuses."

I fear if the cat had been able to speak there might have been an endless discussion respecting its claims to consideration, on the grounds of near relationship to several present. As it was, it was bagged and carried off in triumph.

Cats were on sale as high as fifteen francs each, so we may judge where it went, as butcheries of rat, cat, and dog meat were open everywhere, while rats were sold for four and five francs apiece, epicures apostrophizing them as the "dear partridge of the

future." The animals in the Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne were sold to two butchers: the one whose shop was in the Rue St. Honoré was most celebrated, and it was known as the "Boucherie Anglaise."

Here was sold elephant, dromedary, bears, pheasants, and all other strange articles of food, which only those could purchase who had large means. The elephant-meat was pronounced very tender by some, while others declared it very tough—the latter persons must have been served after the style of the madame who went to market, and asked the butcher for a porter-house steak.

The butcher glanced at his customer, and judging from her appearance and the semblance of sound between porter-house and boarding-house (as quickly uttered) thought she meant the latter, and cut it off the horns. Our friend we judge had his steak cut off the trunk.

How we pitied the beautiful horses every day sacrificed.

We no longer saw elegant turn outs, as the "chevaux de luxe" were seized. We were almost afraid to drive out at this period, for our horses were still in fine condition, and not in the least looking as if suffering from the siege. Whenever we did venture out, we were surrounded by people imploring alms. On every side we turned there was nothing but suffering and misery, and thus the only creditable visiting one could manage was to visit the ambulances. This we did; our first visit being to the

American Ambulance.

This ambulance was established under the care of Drs. Evans and Swinbourne on the principle of the International Convention which was summoned by the Supreme Federal Council of Switzerland, and which met on the 8th of August, 1864.

The treaty there framed by the plenipotentiaries of the thirteen governments of Europe is called the "Geneva treaty for the amelioration of the condition of wounded soldiers of armies in the field."

The principal features of this humane compact was the neutralization of all materials, ambulances, medicines, and stores for the wounded, and of all persons engaged in their care, whether surgeons, nurses, superintendents, carriers, or volunteer helpers. A badge and a flag were adopted, consisting of a red cross on a white ground. Their motto, "An enemy wounded is no longer an enemy."

Almost every civilized country was already represented in this Christian work, and too much praise cannot be accorded to Drs. Swinbourne and Evans for placing America on a footing with all other countries in this grand and charitable movement. As in most great battles, as is well known, thousands of wounded are left on the field, through the utter inability of either army to succour them; and thousands die of thirst or exhaustion or mortification of a limb, where a little aid given in time would have saved them, hosts of valuable lives would be saved in every war, were there only sufficient assistance extended to the

wounded and helpless during the first few hours after the battle.

Subsequently, also, it is plain that no national, surgical, or medical assistance can be organized so as to relieve all the cases of suffering and sickness. But the International Ambulance Society aided like angels of mercy all the mangled human beings who fell within their reach, without regard to race or flag.

On the Avenue de l'Imperatrice we found the snowy tents of *our* ambulance scattered over a large extent of ground. It looked very picturesque amidst the trees and grass, and the "Stars and Stripes" floating over it from the centre or principal tent. We entered, and the first person we met was Mr. Washburne (junior), the son of the American Minister, who politely received us, showed us over the ambulance, and explained to us the various departments and their uses. The beds of the invalids were very clean, as well as the general surroundings, while the convalescents seemed kindly cared for. Some were reading, while

others were listening. All was order and perfect neatness. There were many lady visitors, amongst the number Madame Trochu and her daughter, who manifested great interest, and displayed their magnanimity by visiting two Prussian soldiers who lay dying in one of the tents.

Madame Trochu, though an elderly lady, is very handsome, while her daughter is a beautiful *distinguê* looking girl, of decidedly intellectual caste of feature. There were many gentlemen attached to the ambulance whose names we did not even learn; but one most active in bringing in dead from the field I deem it just to mention—Major O'Flinn. He was day and night engaged in this act of brotherly love, and we find words but a poor tribute to his self-sacrificing labour. Daily, hourly going to and fro in his mission of charity, he won for himself the blessing of many a dying soldier, the benefits of which he may not perhaps reap in this world, but we know in the world to come, where there is One who never sleepeth, and who records the

simplest act done in His name, he will be remembered and compensated a thousandfold.

Most of the ladies resident at the ambulance were paid nurses, yet there were many lady visitors who also assisted in nursing. Some were young ladies, and others married, among the latter we believe Mrs. Bowles took an active part. We left the scene, justly proud of our ambulance as we were of our minister, and everything in which America was represented on this side of the Atlantic.

The Grand Hotel and Palais de l'Industrie were next visited, and everywhere we found the comfort of the invalids well attended to. It was a sad reflection to think of the use these buildings were now devoted to; the one the once magnificent retreat of the travelling public, the other the Treasure House of Art and Science. But we could perceive that everything was in course of destruction, and that not a record was to be left of the entrancing beauties of far-famed Paris. When we

record the fact that the invalids of the Grand Hotel ambulance were fed upon the flour made of the sample wheat of the Exposition, which had been stored in the Louvre, one can more readily judge of what we were reduced to. It was necessary to lay in provisions such as we could obtain, so with this view we visited

THE MARKET OF THE MADELEINE.

How shall I describe our visit to this interesting deposit of horse-meat, under the various and tempting names of "filet de bœuf," and "paté de foie gras," etc. Horse-suet sold for butter at eight francs per lb., and sick chickens at twenty-five and thirty francs. Shrivelled potatoes and sprouting onions were the only vegetables to be seen, and these at fearful prices—so high that a Rothschild would hesitate before investing in more than enough to season his dinner.

We were now fairly in the midst of the siege, and had passed the Rubicon of our caterer's frown in regard to our marketing

for ourselves. But we found it much more difficult than we had imagined.

As we timidly entered and looked around us, we wondered which way we should turn, and what we should say, or how we should address those "dames" who were standing regarding us with arms akimbo; and were puzzled to know if we should accost them as "Madame la Duchesse de Poissarde" or "Madame la Princesse de Chou." I was busy revolving in my mind the fishmongers' code of etiquette, when a lady of our party, a thorough republican, rushed up to a stall, and seizing hold of an enormous cabbage, asked without ceremony the price. "Six francs and a half," the dame answered; when without a moment's hesitation the amount was paid, and the lady, seizing her cabbage, commenced a tour of the various stalls. Had she placed the cabbage on her head she might have represented Atlas, for it was a ponderous globe.

We entreated her to leave it and have it sent home—but no, she would not entrust

such a "magnificent head of cabbage" in such times to her best friend—so in consequence we rolled on with the globe.

Suddenly we heard "Chignon, trois francs par livre," cried out, and turning round we beheld a dozen women assembled at a stall regarding our friend of the cabbage. In the most tantalizing manner they again cried "Chignon, trois francs par livre!"

As the lady understood very little French, and always insisted on having explained to her all that was being said, this, as in the present instance, was not very pleasant to us, her chignon being really a monstrosity. If you told her you did not hear what was said, she would think like herself you did not understand, and give broad hints of people's affecting to know more than others, and yet when tested knowing not as much.

Had we often explained, she might have accused us of a false interpretation, so we professed ignorance on this occasion. But I think the chignon was understood, as she

asked the question but once, and then marched on with waving plumes and chignon, regardless of expense. If you can fancy two enormous braids of about three quarters of a metre in length, looped up so as to form the effect of four, and these resting mid-way on a back of bulky proportion, and a form of considerable embonpoint, you have the picture.

As we stopped in front of a sausage stall, I glanced around at the party who cried out in regard to the chignon, and while the lady stood higgling over the price of a metre of sausage, the looks of these furies became dark as thunder, and though brave enough in one sense of the word, I had no idea of bringing down their wrath on *my* devoted head.

With flashing eyes and arms "planted on the square," they stood regarding our party.

"What can it be?" I asked myself, and quick as lightning it all flashed on my mind. The lady was of the complexion *she* terms a *blonde*, but which *we* call *sandy*,

her hair being of that indescribable *nuance* between a dried carrot and the tip-end of a fox's tail. They had taken her for a Prussian, and the cabbage and sausage as circumstantial evidence, as they felt no one would give that price for a cabbage save a disciple of "sauer-kraut."

We were of course anxious to get her away, and so, having purchased a yard or two of the sausage, departed.

The lady did not seem to comprehend our hurried departure, and quite innocently remarked, as she seated herself in the carriage, that she considered "that cabbage" a bargain in such times, and that we would go there always to make purchases, as she was sure if the chêf had bought that cabbage he would have charged us twelve francs for it.

We could not resist laughing at her evident ease and satisfied appearance, as we almost shuddered to think of the danger she had just escaped of being led by the "dames" of the Madeleine Market as a

Prussian spy before the mayor of the Arrondissement.

Our "laying in of provisions" consisted of a cabbage and a few yards of sausage, the latter intended for the servants, as we would not eat anything but bread and butter, with coffee or milk, and vegetables when we could obtain them. When after partaking of a dinner of such meagre fare, we sallied forth at night to a concert or theatre in the coldest weather, the world can judge of our courage.

After returning from our visit to the Market of the Madelaine, we went that night to the

THEATRE DE L'ATHENÉE
ON
CHRISTMAS EVE.

This little theatre is said to be one of the prettiest in Paris. In America it would be rated as a third-class establishment, and I think in the poorest days of the American War, a better entertainment might have been witnessed in any little village of the

Confederate States, as regards the talent displayed.

With the exception of the recitation of Madame Marie Laurent of fragments of "Les Chatiments" of Victor Hugo, and the singing of Madame Ugalde, it was a decided failure.

The audience was very thin, and the National Guard numerous *on the stage*, where they took every occasion to display themselves, giving a variety of useless explanations.

Marie Laurent was encored twice, and she certainly merited applause for the manner in which she rendered the pieces, "Le Manteau Imperiale" and "L'Expiation." We were, therefore, amply repaid for leaving the fireside. Madame Ugalde's charming voice we could hear for days after in "Patria." Though not admiring the sentiment of the poet, we were in raptures with the voice of the graceful cantatrice, and the grand interpretation of the poet's ideas by the gifted reader.

While Victor Hugo's talent as an author is to be admired in many things and acknowledged, the "Billingsgate" style of "Les Chatiments" must disgust many with his works for ever. Their very tone is pollution to a pure mind, and while admiting his claims as an author, we must feel contempt for him as a man.

There was no gas in Paris for the "*ateliers,*" but the theatres were still furnished with what was not allowed for more necessary uses. The excuse was, "these poor people, actors, and actresses must live, and they have no other way of earning support." Their lives, we thought, were not more precious than many who were shut out from evening employment in the shops, for want of light. But, no! the Parisians must have amusement, and while they have a franc will spend it on the "*spectacle.*" "Live where I could not go and see the '*spectacle,*' at least once a week!" said a Frenchwoman to me last winter, whom I was supporting—"*jamais, jamais!*"

This was in response to my asking why

her husband did not accept a lucrative situation in the country, which had been offered to him before the war. I replied to her—"Then, madame, you deserve to want. People must learn to live in this world without amusement. What do you suppose our American women do who live on the vast prairies of the West, and in sparsely settled wilds? Their amusements are their homes and children—the cultivation of the infant minds of the latter for a higher stage—the stage of useful life."

"Ah, yes! That may do for American women, but not for French women. I must confess I would just as soon be dead as to be deprived of the '*spectacle.*'"

You can easily imagine my opinion of this woman when I compared her with our American wives and mothers. American girls, brought up with all the surroundings of luxury, will quit these for ever, and their motto is, "Whithersoever thou goest I will go."

My visit to the little theatre on Christmas Eve furnished me with much subject

for moral reflection. It was as well, perhaps, that they thus innocently amused themselves; it served in a measure to withdraw their attention from the deplorable state of things generally, and made them forget their sufferings.

It had been our intention to attend midnight mass at the church of St. Roche, but this ceremony was now dispensed with, and none of the churches were to be opened. The night was intensely cold, and we must say when the performance was over, we were not sorry to hear the churches were closed, thus absolving us from this religious duty. As we drove home the beautiful lines of Tennyson occurred to me as strangely appropriate:—

"The holly by the cottage eaves
To-night ungathered shall it stand.
We live in stranger lands—
And strangely falls our Christmas Eve.

"Our fathers' dust is left alone,
And silent under other snows,
The wood-bine comes—the violet grows—
The violet blows, but he is gone."

We retired to rest, murmuring sadly these lines, and when we awoke it was—

Christmas Morning.

Christmas in Paris during the Siege! "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," as in our own land, were the greetings of the morning. There were but few words spoken at the breakfast-table, as each one seemed busy with memories of joyous hours spent with the loved ones at home. No children's voices were there to awaken the echoes as with ringing shouts of laughter they would run to open their stockings and draw forth the gifts of Santa-Claus. No! That was all with the past, and we sighed as we thought of the many aching hearts of mothers in Paris, who would deem it a blessing to be able to provide a meal of the most ordinary quality for their children. Our Christmas dinner we regarded with considerable pride—the sort of pride we judge a parvenu might feel, on finding himself in possession of certain luxuries his more worthy but less fortunate neighbour

is unable to obtain. Our bill of fare consisted of—

Oyster Soup.

Relevés.

Cold Turkey.

Turkey Salads *au laitu.*

Irish Potatoes.—Dutch Cabbage, *à la "Sauer Kraut."*

Blancmange.

Coffee.

Now, it may be imagined that with good bread and wine, served with all the pomp of waiters in white aprons, in a Gobelin-tapestried *salle-à-manger*, this dinner was something to make one feel rather *purse*-proud—or *pantry*-proud, would perhaps be the more proper expression. But as parvenues are proud of *everything they have*, I presume either word will serve to define the sort of feeling we experienced as we complacently enjoyed our grandeur.

Christmas-week passed away without incident, and the

NEW YEAR

seemed to bring no joy—no light to the darkened homes in Paris. A few papers of "*bon-bons*" were exchanged amongst friends, and gifts were made in accordance with the custom of other days. But there were no visitors in kid gloves and exquisite toilets; no carriages rolling through the streets, with happy friends on the way to greet other friends.

We had very few visitors, and when late in the evening the American Minister called we fancied we could read in his manner a sadness and dispirited tone unusual to him, as he was always cheerful in the gloomiest hours. But when he spoke of his family, and their necessary absence from him, he evinced emotion. He said he always made it a rule, if possible, to spend Christmas and New Year with his family. Now, we deemed it must be indeed a heartache that would so

weigh down *his* spirit—a spirit that never flagged in endeavouring to brighten the hopes of the despairing. His visits were like sunbeams, and whenever he would take leave he would charge us to "drive dull care away," and then go forth to seek the suffering and the needy on his constant rounds of mercy.

While bread and wine lasted there was some hope left, but when these also were rationed, despair usurped all feeling of patriotism, and the pale faces, sunken eyes, and hollow cheeks of the sufferers (in many instances too proud to beg) met us everywhere—everywhere. Many died without their wants ever being made known. The sister of a celebrated British admiral, who had been celebrated in her days of affluence in Paris, for her charitable deeds, died of starvation and cold in her apartment, friendless and alone! Unable to obtain firewood, and exhausted for the want of proper nourishment, she went to bed, and there resigning herself to her unhappy fate, her spirit passed away from its earthly

tenement, while not a friend was by to mourn her sad fate.

This was one of the recorded cases; but how many, like the *unnoticed heroes* of the battle-field of life, may have died, whose fate was never known? May God in His mercy deliver me from ever witnessing a repetition of the scenes beheld in Paris during the siege. We were besieged with applications for charity on all sides, and this, we presumed, was owing to our being Americans; the fact of which was proclaimed by a flag of about twenty metres in length floating from the front of our residence, while another of smaller dimensions was placed over the gate of the "*loge*" at the entrance to the court-yard. They served as an invitation to all who were in need, and we were daily called upon to listen to tales of heart-rending misery.

We were glad to think our country's reputation had gone abroad for charity and to see it thus significantly acknowledged, and that the old "Stars and Stripes" should be regarded by the suffering and needy as the

emblem of protection. We were proud to see the poor and unfortunate crowding beneath its ample folds, and did all we could for the relief of those who sought us. It is true our charity individually, could not equal the munificent donations of the noble-hearted philanthropist Richard Wallace, but the smallest amount in some of these cases served to benefit the applicant, and probably sufficed to help many a poor creature over the perhaps bitterest and darkest hour of despair.

It may seem strange to some to hear of gentlemen of the National Guard applying to us for assistance; yet it is nevertheless true, and often when going into the library to receive a person who would send up his name, the servant saying, "evidently a gentleman," I have been surprised beyond bounds, when after asking pardon for intrusion, he would ask for assistance—even the "smallest acceptable," at the same time giving his address and a reference.

In one instance, a highly respectable and accomplished gentleman called, and after

apologizing for the liberty of seeking an interview, said he had eight in family to support and no means but his pay in the National Guard, one franc and fifty cents per day, and that two of the eight were invalids. He was mortified, and begged for some assistance, saying — "Madam, *I am a gentleman!* (and then the tears rolled down his cheeks,)—here are my references, —I have not one *sou* in the world—my wife took the last to the butcher's for rations, which when obtained are not enough for *four*, and there are eight to feed. This is my ration for two days, (drawing out of his coat-pocket a small piece of black bread), and I have kept it for my children." Though he offered a reference, none was necessary—his emaciated form, sunken eyes and hollow cheeks were all convincing, and death, we felt, had already marked him as a victim.

I knew that he had told the truth, for we were now reduced to the black siege-bread ourselves. As, however, we had laid in a supply of the white bread, we were not

at the moment obliged to use our ration-bread, though we always purchased it, as every day we found some one to whom it proved a welcome gift. We could not give this poor applicant much, but we gave him a small amount of money and all our rations for the day. We begged him to return; but, as he never came again, we presumed he, too, died of want. With the exorbitant prices, how was it possible to live on a few francs per day, when those of unlimited means found it impossible to obtain the necessaries of life.

We had purchased "Maizena," molasses, and other articles of food, which the French scarcely knew the use of; yet we found, when deprived of substantials, these went but a short way as nourishment; they might sustain life, but that was all. We still procured milk, and butter, for which we paid thirty francs per pound. We often found provisions, but at enormous prices—our friends coming in to see us, with their children, perhaps not enjoying any such luxuries as we managed to obtain, we would divide

with them until, from our sympathy for others, we left ourselves without anything.

Our larder empty, the siege began to make itself really felt by us; and though it was almost impossible to eat the black bread, we often found its greatest defect was its size, as the rations given for one person was not sufficient for a hungry individual. It had the appearance of chopped straw mixed with mortar and baked in the sun, the mortar being such as is used in rough casting-houses.

We had employed the days of the siege as advantageously as possible in reading, writing, and studying the language of the most "spirited" people in the world. I had never to be obliged to go to bed, unable to sleep from the gnawings of hunger, and then have to get up and search around for a piece of that horrible bread. But, alas! to that unhappy state was I reduced. I need not dwell upon its sweetness, when found, to any except those who have gone through a siege, as no others could appreciate it. After finishing this

dry morsel, I went to sleep to dream of "fatted calves" and the "crumbs" from Uncle Sam's table.

In this stage of affairs came the bombardment to add to our discomfort, and then I gave up completely. I was never an active person, and all my life had had a reputation for calm deportment. I could not make up my mind to dodge the shells, so I went quietly to bed; for there I might tremble and grow pale, while my reputation for *nerve* would not suffer. We generally bade each other "good-bye" before retiring to rest, for we never felt certain as to our condition in the morning. With bombs falling and hunger gnawing the vitals, came the appalling scenes of

The Wood Riots.

The scarcity of fuel had caused it to be proclaimed that all the trees in the avenues should be cut down, as well as those before the residences of absentees. While suffering intensely, mentally and physically, and murmuring to myself, "How long, O

Lord, how long?" I was called from my bed to the window to witness a fearful scene—one that filled me with dread, and left me prostrated with a thousand painful emotions. The officer whose duty it was to see the wood felled, had ordered a grand old tree in front of our residence to be sacrificed. A crowd had collected on the spot, formed mostly of poor people who were permitted to gather the chips and limbs; the trunk or body of the tree being generally chopped and sent to the "chantiers," where a certain quantity was sold, according to ration-cards.

Around this tree, so greatly admired by us all the winter, now stood some two or three hundred people—men, women, and children—carrying huge sacks, hatchets, pickaxes, and spades, all awaiting with great impatience the fall of our favourite. When I first approached the window, the tree was already encircled, and the "gamins" had tied a rope around the body at the top to assist it in the "manner of its fall," and were standing in a line at the foot of the

tree, holding on, in sailor style, "all hands" to the rope. Only a few seconds elapsed before, with a crash and a yell from the crowd, down fell our winter's pride: and *then* a scene ensued to beggar description. Old and young made one wild rush upon the fallen monarch, and, scrambling, tearing, and fighting over it, stripped it in the twinkling of an eye of every limb and chip.

It was a battle fearful to behold: one of might against right, and the most horrible and fiendish of the whole crowd—a *woman*. Dressed neatly in a black alpaca dress and purple capeline, with giant strength, her eyes glaring, she stripped from young and old their just portion as quickly as they would gather it; at the same time fighting all who opposed her. They all, however, combined, and made her quit the scene of action; and she then, at a respectable distance, abused them all, and determined to have, not only her portion, but more. She enlisted some of the

"gamins" in her service, and went off at last in triumph with a larger sack than any one else.

Poor old men and women were upon the scene, endeavouring to pick up chips or brambles; but so soon as they had gathered a few, some heartless wretch would snatch their little bundles from their weak grasp and coolly walk off with them. In one hour we could not have told that a tree had ever stood upon the spot, as they even dug several feet into the earth and dragged out the roots. Then the crowd followed where the officer led, recruiting their ranks at every step, until our avenue and the pretty little square in front of the Pont de l'Alma, were entirely divested of the beautiful trees.

While they were cutting down "our tree" we sent the servant with a few sous to the officer in command to purchase two or three chips (which he let her have) as a remembrance of the wood riot of the avenue Montaigne.

It was fearful to see these people, to

what extent they allowed themselves to be led away by passion.

"Yet," I said, "possibly I should be as bad were I deprived of every comfort; nor is it for those to judge who sit by comfortable fires, what the excesses of hunger, cold, and disease may drive one to commit. Had I a father, mother, brother, or sister perishing of cold and hunger at home perhaps it would make me reckless and even savage, and forgetful of all except my own misery."

Weak beyond expression after beholding this scene, I staggered to my bed, and would have deemed an "obus" or in fact anything, a mercy that would send us out of a world where one picture was more heart-rending than another.

Shells were falling within a street of us, just across the Seine at Les Invalides. Several had fallen in the garden of the Luxembourg, and one had struck the Pantheon. Very many citizens were killed and wounded, and the corpse of a little babe that was being borne along was

struck, and the coffin and body strewed in fragments, while the affrighted bearers fled.

In the midst of all these scenes of woe, and while the church of St. Etienne was filled with worshippers kneeling at the tomb of St. Génévière, the patron saint of Paris, crowds of frivolous idlers went out to witness the bombardment, which they considered it quite a fête to see. They would even carry their children to behold the scene, and laugh immoderately at being obliged to dodge while the shells fell. We could not term this bravery. None but persons who have lost their reason would thus place their innocent babes within the jaws of death.

Our hearts were filled with grief, and as each day the news of some new victim of the bombardment reached our ears, we asked why this useless struggle. One morning we were informed of perhaps the saddest incident of the siege—five little children killed in a school. Five little innocent darlings laid side by side on the altar of the Republic—the Republic

Jules Favre boasted to have been established without bloodshed.

They say he shed tears as he stood by the grave. No wonder. We believe these tears were genuine, perhaps the most genuine he ever shed. He was just beginning to understand that others besides the Emperor might fail, and that his was "the vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself."

He could not have found a more fitting burial place for his hopes than the grave of these innocent children. Though great his crime, we absolve him as he stands there with uncovered head (and heart before his God), for we know he has suffered in the loss of usurped authority to which he vainly sacrificed every Christian sentiment.

Of all the members of the self-elected body styling themselves the Government of France, there remained only M. Thiers who seemed still to possess power and influence, and whose opinion the people regarded, howsoever erroneous it might be, and reverenced.

The French people thought that if M. Thiers had succeeded in pleasing their "fathers before them," and the successive governments, he was infallible, and must be correct in his judgment and sincere in all things; having possessed the confidence of Kingdoms, Empires, and Republics, each and all in turn.

But we could see his mistakes, and his need of the proper utensils for the modelling after Uncle Sam's Farm, but he knew the people would not adopt any instrument not patented by M. Thiers. When we read in amazement of the strange eventful life of this extraordinary man who seems to be "in at the death" of every expiring Government, we feel his mission here below must be one of Divine purpose, whether that purpose be for good or evil.

M. Thiers had now succeeded in his earnest endeavours to procure an armistice, and words are inadequate to express the delight of the long-suffering inhabitants of Paris, who rushed to see each other, and express their joy.

Every one came forth exulting in the prospect of soon having a substantial meal, and one gentleman who was quite enthusiastic on the subject of having enough to eat, concluded with an apology for his seeming volubility upon the subject by saying, "You may deem it strange to hear me talk thus at random, but I have just dined off my parrot, which accounts for my tongue."

A lady friend who had almost yielded to despair, and who, had the siege lasted another week, must, she said, have lost her reason, recounted to me her sufferings, and described in the most glowing terms of gratitude how she was saved from actual starvation by the American Minister. I was the recipient of his kindness myself, and could easily judge her feelings as she endeavoured to search out an expression of sufficient force to convey her idea of his grandeur of soul. The recipients of his charity their name is Legion.

Unable to give myself a proper estimate of his worth, I beg leave to quote verbatim

her account of his delicate and refined treatment of herself. With visible emotion she related the following circumstance:

"I had long dispensed with the ceremony of receiving in the salons, the great difficulty in obtaining fuel rendering it impossible to keep more than one or two fires in the house. As our provisions daily diminished, and I had not sufficient to keep a cook employed, I had my 'femme de chambre' to prepare our scanty meals in my own chamber, where I could superintend her, and more especially that I might watch my supply of provisions. For this purpose I had a press moved in and the provisions placed in it that I might keep my eye on our little stores, as at this period no one's honesty could be depended on where food was in question. For days we had had very meagre diet, indeed scarcely enough to sustain life, as I could not make up my mind to eat horse.

My maid had just placed our dinner on the fire to cook, and I was sitting by looking on, wondering how much longer I could

endure this life, and thinking that in a very few days we should be quite without food. I was meditating upon what would become of us, when I was startled from my reverie by a knock on our now parlour, bed room, and kitchen door, and on opening it beheld our kind friend, the American Minister, Mr. Washburne.

In other times I should have felt somewhat strangely at receiving so distinguished a guest so unceremoniously, but circumstances alter cases, and I was forced to ask him to be seated. I confess I felt a little as Viva did when the Duke came in and saw her pot on the fire, and the apples bobbing up and down. I was in hopes he would not see our pot, but as the day was intensely cold, the fire-place was the spot most sought.

At last, after taking a glance at the pot, not in it, he asked, "by the way, how are you off for provisions? I should judge from the signs of dinner you have not a great quantity."

I replied, "Well, to be candid, we have

only sufficient for a day or two with great economy, and then I do not know what we shall do. I suppose starve."

"Oh, no!" he replied, "not so bad as that; times are very hard, it is true, and thousands are suffering from cold, hunger, and want of every kind, but I trust we shall soon have brighter days. Keep up your spirits. I am very unwell, but will not give up, nor do I wish to see my countrymen wanting in spirit or courage. I have been eating that horrible black bread until it has nearly killed me, but then we shall live through it, I hope."

He then rose to take leave, saying he had other friends to see. Like myself, they were doubtless happy to see him, for his kind, genial face seemed to bring with it sunshine and hope, so necessary in these times of darkness and of sorrow.

About two hours afterwards I again heard a rap, and on opening the door there stood before me Edouard Osterman, one of the employés of the Legation. He carried on his arm a large basket, while his hands

were filled with bundles and packages. "Madame, his excellency sends his compliments and begs you will permit him to share with you a few of his provisions. Then stepping inside the room, he commenced to unload his *real* treasures. I was struck dumb—I had not the power of utterance. As one by one he lifted the articles out of the basket, and placed them upon the table, a *pea* rolled off to one corner of the table, and poor Edouard hastily picking it up remarked, as he held it a moment between his thumb and fore-finger, "Madame, we must not lose *one* of these—they are all too precious—more precious far than gold;" and he carefully placed it in a dish.

I shall never forget the expression of happiness which lit up his face as he stood first looking at me, then at the provisions, and again at the servant who stood open-mouthed, her eyes staring, the very personification of wonder, I cannot say of delight, for I do not think she was at the moment sufficiently conscious of our good luck to feel grateful.

I was completely overcome with my feelings, and casting myself on a seat, I burst into tears. The good man construing my manner into perhaps a feeling of mortification, looked hurt, and assured me I might not feel any delicacy in accepting these gifts; that he had another basket to deliver in the same way; that Mr. Washburne had a great deal, but what he had he was continually dividing amongst his friends, and in fact *all* who were in need."

Yes, Edouard had told the truth, and "provision" was "more precious far than gold," and they might be considered friends indeed who shared with one their stores, for "mammon" had long ceased to be "king."

It were vain to attempt to enumerate the good deeds of the American minister. Not only did he employ himself in visiting and succouring the needy, but every one attached to his service at the Legation had imperative orders from him to neglect no case of suffering, and his messengers Antoine and Edouard will long be remembered by all

Americans (and many of other nationalities) who shared their services and attention.

However, with all the acknowledged charity and generosity of our minister, American popularity, like everything else with this fickle people, was destined to have no more than its day, and we often heard Frenchmen say (as they would look up at our flag) with a sneer, "Is that an American or Prussian flag?" "Oh, it is all the same," would be the answer.

Their anger was first excited by the refusal of Mr. Washburne to give them the journals he received from outside, which he could not have done without compromising his position. In the next place, his protection of all Germans in Paris, male or female, brought down upon him the popular wrath to such an extent, that at one time the propriety of even hanging him as a Prussian spy was discussed in the clubs.

The American consulate had been actually attacked, and it required the interference of M. Favre to put a stop to these violent

demonstrations. Mr. Washburne had every reason, apart from what charity demanded, to wish to protect the Germans, as his knowledge of them in his own country was such as to inspire him with a respect for them as a nation. In America they are our *best* foreign citizens—the most industrious and trustworthy; and while they generally become naturalized, they never forget the Fatherland, and endeavour to make their homes in the New World bear a semblance to the loved in the Old.

While the French are content with describing to us the magnificent mansions, châteaus, and gardens in "la belle France," the Germans as soon as they accumulate sufficient means, silently and steadily, without ostentation, erect us a model of their taste, and if we admire it, say, "Yes, I think it is very nice; I had it built on the style I remember to have often admired in 'Vaterland.'" He does not say it is a model of his *former home.* He gives you to understand by his simple answer that it is such as in his own land

he might have gazed upon, but perhaps would never be able to possess. A Frenchman, or an Irishman would say—(I will express it after the manner of the latter)—"*That* house! *Do* you admire it now? Shure it's well enuf for me in this cunthry, but faith it woodn't more than make the kitchen to me fawther's castile."

America *is* proud of her German population, and all the protection they received from our flag they have merited. And yet in the delicate and trying position in which Mr. Washburne was placed Germany has a right to remember his protection of her people as an individual act of kindness and courage on his part, apart from any political considerations. He was in no way bound to remain in a beleaguered city and protect the friendless and suffering, yet he did so, from sentiments of so high and holy a nature that we are unable to find language to express them.

At last the long hoped-for armistice came, and when in two or three days we saw provisions everywhere exhibited for

sale, we rejoiced to think the struggle was over.

An old woman who had passed our windows all winter every day with her ration-card, and who seemed so feeble that she could scarcely walk, we observed during the armistice returning from the butcher's. She seated herself on a bench in front of the house, and opening her little basket drew forth several packages, one of which she opened, and regarding it tenderly for a few moments raised it to her lips and *kissed it;* as she laid it on her lap to fold it up, we discovered *it was a piece of meat* about as large as a good sized mutton cutlet. Each little packet she opened and examined, and as we saw her poor old gray head bending over her little basket in seeming thankfulness to God, it was impossible not to feel moved.

I said to myself, "How many have forgotten already to thank God for His mercy in protecting them from the terrible death of hunger and cold," and I thought perhaps that of all the inhabitants of Paris this

poor old creature's was the most earnest and heart-felt thank-offering placed on that altar at which all Christians kneel. Those who dwell in the midst of plenty and are satiated with the luxuries of life, would have felt it a deep reproach to their often ungrateful longing for more than they possess.

Closing our eyes upon the horrors of the siege, which like a frightful dream we shuddered to think of, we went forth in the sunlight of brighter hopes to visit our revered Archbishop, M. Darboy. At the time of our arrival at his palace, he was entertaining some gentlemen—officers, and we were shown through the reception-room into a grand salon overlooking the gardens in which the fountains were playing, their waters sparkling in the beams of a radiant sun. Scarcely had we time to take a view of the magnificent Gobelins and paintings, before the Archbishop came into the room, and greeting us in a most cordial manner invited us into his library.

More simple in bearing and style than

his most humble curé, he entertained us most agreeably for more than half-an-hour. The absence of all appearance of pomp, and his truly kind and gentle accents prepossessed us at once in his favour, and he won his way to our hearts immediately. He does not speak English, but reads it perfectly, and he showed us a copy of the Pentateuch in English which he was reading.

When we arose to leave, he accompanied us through the suite beyond. On arriving at the last room we stopped to admire two magnificent scenes in Gobelins—one that of the "Fishers," the other "Christ and His Apostles."

The Archbishop accompanied us to the door of the last apartment, where we took leave of him a second time (this last by a lowly salutation only), and he then remained at the door until we had descended the first few stairs, when turning we again saluted each other, and separated perhaps to meet no more.

While he did not affect to conceal his

political sentiments, he paid the highest tribute to the Empress Eugénie, one which coming from such a source we are proud to be able to record. The Archbishop pronounced her, "noble, good, faithful, and courageous," and spoke of her as possessing all the qualities which are to be admired in a woman.

The Empress needs no higher eulogium —there could be none.

CHAPTER XIV.

PEACE AND ITS CONDITIONS.

AND now we were to have peace—but on what conditions? Cession of territory (until Elsass and Lothringen would choose their own ruler at the expiration of a certain time), several milliards to pay, and the occupation of some of the principal forts for a certain length of time by the Prussians, and (lastly, the greatest humiliation of all), the entrance of the Prussian army into Paris, and its occupation of the most beautiful portion of the city, until the Assembly at Bordeaux should conclude or ratify the treaty of peace.

It is needless to dwell on the indignation

of the people: all the world is convinced how galling this cup was which they were forced to drink—to drain to the dregs.

A triumphal march down the Champs Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, was a terrible threat, and it was met everywhere by the French people by the emphatic words—"They *dare* not enter Paris!"

Men who had stood the cold, fatigue, and danger of a six months' vigil outside for the hope of this glory were not to be daunted by the most savage manifestations, and we could not share the belief of the French upon this subject. We felt Count Bismark had not made this a condition without being convinced of his strength to hold to his "pouce" and "pierre."

Count Bismark, the faithful friend and guide of his Emperor—the gigantic-minded statesman, the powerful diplomatist, wonder of the nineteenth century, held now the "key" of his paternal mansion in his pocket which was stolen years ago, and he was determined to secure a peace creditable to the

honour of his native land, no matter what agony it might cause the French, who had despoiled them of their lands.

Why should France refuse to give back territory which she gained by aggression and oppression? It was surely more bitter in the first instance for the Germans to yield what was their own by every law of justice.

We could not, as we took a retrospective view of the history of the two nations, believe that they would be satisfied until they marched beneath that Arch on which is inscribed the record of their defeats and the victories of France. We could not believe that they would yield this triumph, but the French people were wild with anger at being forced to permit the entrance of the Prussians, and not one believed they would venture to come in.

I drove through the city the eve of the 1st of March, to take a view of the state of things generally, and notwithstanding their trouble and supposed grief, hundreds of soldiers were gathered around the "Punch

and Judy" "spectacle," chatting and laughing, as indifferent to political affairs as natives of Patagonia.

It was sad, very sad, to see this nation which, under the Napoleons might well be termed, "La Grande Nation" for its great ruler's sake if no other, now lost to all sense of dignity and lofty sentiment. The Prussians even pitied their want of all manly and womanly respect. Not a tear, not a sigh seemed to be given to this loss of honour and of fame; they could only display what we *hoped* they felt by *words*, and "they *dare* not! they dare not!" was all we heard.

CHAPTER XV.

PRUSSIANS IN PARIS, MARCH 1ST, 1871.

AT last it was beyond a doubt that the Prussians would enter Paris, and we awoke on the morning of the 1st of March to find the *avant garde* of the Uhlans in the streets and avenues leading from the Champs Elysées, and around the Arc de Triomphe. They were pósted at certain distances all the way from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde. We had not intended to be present on the occasion, and ordered the windows to be closed, feeling we owed at least *this* mark of respect to the people amongst whom we had passed so many months, and with whom we had endured the horrors of a

siege. But on glancing through the half-open venetians, we saw that our avenue was as gay as usual, and the passers-by were hurrying on towards the Champs Elysées. We were surprised at this, as many in appearance were of the most respectable class. We hesitated to go out, fearing it might be imprudent, or appear to be wanting in good taste or feeling. But then, we thought, if French people can rush to witness the sight, *why* should we hesitate? So enveloped in water-proof cloaks, and doubly veiled, we sallied forth on a tour of inspection after first giving instructions that the house should retain its appearance of public mourning.

Our first reflection was "what if there should be a riot—in case of danger, what should we proclaim ourselves? Americans were no longer in favour, and we might just as well be Prussians." This question was not left long in doubt, as my ready-witted companion suggested we should proclaim ourselves Irish!

"Irish, by all means," she said. "You

know the people of Dublin have just sent a letter of sympathy to the Republic of France, so if you see a crowd coming towards us, just cry out *Vive l'Irlande!* in proof of your nationality. Poor Ireland!" she continued, "I never dreamed I should find a spot on earth in which I should fall back on the popular favour you enjoyed for protection. But Eureka!

So with our flag decided on *à la Talleyrand*, we started out to view all things of interest. Just as we were leaving the house, we met a gentleman, who advised us to go to No. 122, Champs Elysées, where, on the balcony of the apartments of a friend, he said we could have a fine view of what was passing. We accepted, and walked on through the most quiet streets. Every now and then we met one or two Prussian soldiers, showing to a concierge their billet, from the "Mairie," or ringing a bell in the most fearless manner, skipping to and fro, with gay plumes waving from their casques. Then we came up with the mounted

Uhlans, with arms directed towards the sides of the Champs Elysées, as they rode slowly up and down. They sat their horses well, and with military bearing. Hurrying onward, we were soon seated on a balcony, from which we witnessed one of the grandest scenes of modern history. We must here call in question the statement of the correspondent of the London "Times," when he says "*At exactly ten o'clock the procession came to an end.*"

It was between nine and ten o'clock when we took up our position, and at that time only a few straggling parties had entered—rather as if reconnoitring, than as soldiers in possession. However, for us they could not enter too slowly; we were anxious to have a good view of their general style and equipments. Gradually large, and yet larger bodies filled the space, and between the hours of two and three o'clock came the Bavarian "*chasseurs*,"—the Bavarian soldiers of the line—the Bavarian Uhlans, and still more of these renowned warriors wearing their beautiful

uniform of green and gold. Others wore light blue with yellow facings, and presented a fine appearance; the variegated plumes of their helmets, and the banners they carried swayed in the wind as they passed onward to the line of demarcation—the Place de la Concorde—where the statues of the principal cities of France, were masked with crape.

Private residences, in many parts of the city, were draped in black. But on, on came the conquering host, and their shouts and cheers, as they passed the Arc de Triomphe (the losses of former days compensated in the victories of to-day) thrilled us with singular emotion. We could not but pity the silent throng who witnessed this scene, and here let us correct the correspondent of a contemporary, when he says, there were not more than four hundred spectators, and these of the lowest class.

Every one knows how small a show four hundred would make in the Champs Elysées, and beneath our balcony *alone*

might have been counted more than five hundred persons, and though not a *vast* multitude, it might have been safely enumerated by thousands, among which number were many of the most respectable of both French and foreign nationality. The houses, it is true, were all closed, and there were no spectators on the balconies or windows, except here and there where a foreign flag floated.

The "*gamins*" faithfully performed their duty, and were in attendance in large numbers, and when the first band struck up, we could hardly hear the music amid the whistling, hissing, and shouting of those imps.

All at once a few dragoons charged the motley assemblage, when off they scampered to a more respectful distance. This lasted but a few moments, for when the troops had fairly entered, the little ragamuffins fell into an ecstasy of admiration, and stood open-mouthed regarding the scene. The Champs Elysées was like a river, upon whose bosom flowers of every hue floated.

Like a flood of sunlight the Prussian army swept around the Arc de Triomphe, and *then* glancing upward with uncovered heads, they gave one loud, soul-felt, and prolonged cheer, as if by *that* act they would render thanks to God, praise to the Emperor, and a tribute to "Vaterland!"

We could not grudge them the triumph of the moment. The gleaming steel and glittering helmets of the Prussian infantry as they marched down the pavement on either side of the Champs Elysées, resembled a golden embankment to a river of gems. With the black silk standards unfurled, and steady step, on, on they came, the magnificent German bands playing the while victorious strains of soul-inspiring music. The Bismark Guard were noticeable for their beautiful uniform of white cloth. A cavalcade of about one hundred officers attracted great attention. Of this number no two were dressed alike, and their gorgeous attire it would be impossible to describe. Never, in fact, perhaps since the days of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold,"

has such a magnificent array been witnessed: gold and silver embroidery adorning suits of velvet of almost every colour, while the saddle-covers and equipments of the horses were in keeping with the garb of their riders. Gold, silver, and silken tassels fell from the horses' necks, and almost swept the ground.

It was a glorious day, not a cloud, not a mist, and the sun added its rays to the splendour of the scene. Thirty bands, whose highly polished instruments blazed in the sunlight, played alternately the while. As we looked upon them, we could not wonder they were victors! Such discipline! Such perfect order and exactness of movement!

They looked like soldiers! like men! like gods! as their handsome forms, fair faces, and golden locks met our view. Their noble carriage—so lofty! so erect, and their calm demeanour placed them above derisive criticism. Even the French admired them and said, "it is not surprising they should conquer, they *obey*."

We could not but admire their behaviour. No laughing or jesting, no disposition evinced to humiliate their foes. On the contrary, an evident wish to avoid all appearance of exultation. They accomplished this as they did everything they had undertaken—successfully.

How my heart ached for the Emperor, whom (without wishing evil to either party), I had hoped to see enter that Arch in triumph as I observed amid the crowd below a few old soldiers from "Les Invalides," leaning on their canes and sadly regarding the scene. I looked over towards the gilded dome of "Les Invalides" and then—

> "'Tête Armée!' Around in visions,
> Swept the gorgeous hosts of France,
> Who awaited but thy summons,
> Waited but thy word or glance!"

And though I could not bear to think of their ingratitude to Napoleon III., I felt bitter sorrow for the people with whom I had eaten the black bread of a six months' siege.

We had stood for hours regarding the

scene, and it was half-past four o'clock when we left our position, and even then the train of wagons and artillery had not all entered.

We walked homewards just at dusk. The Prussian officers and soldiers were walking up and down the Champs Elysées and in the yard of Queen Christina's residence. Arms were stacked quite close, and the casques hung on the point of the bayonets looked like a parterre of huge cactus plants in full bloom.

A scene of rather touching interest met our view a little farther on. A poor old blind man who plays on an accordion and has a little dog that dances, stands on his hind legs and presents a basket (which he carries in his mouth) for alms, was in the midst of a party of young Prussian soldiers who were greatly amused and delighted with the little dog. Every one of them threw money into the basket, while the crowd around regarded them with as much curiosity as they did the dog. The poor blind man could recognize no nationality

except kindness towards himself. God had made that alone visible to him, and I thought it were happy for us all if we could only see the good in each other. Were it thus the poor fellows who were giving their mite would only be as friends and brothers to the French.

On arriving at our residence, we found a group of officers and soldiers posted in front. Passing on into the house the concièrge informed us that they were waiting for us, and said they had been quartered on the house by the mayor. Though they had a billet from him our valiant old concièrge would not let them in. She said she had gone to the American Legation to see Mr. Washburne, but as he was out, she went to the Mayor of the Arrondissement, who told her to "go home and open the gate and let them in; we are conquered now and must submit."

She was not on the list of the vanquished—she had just entered the field. Returning to the house she *locked it up*. Three times the Prussians rang the bell,

and each time they did so our brave old sentinel looked through the little grating in the gate, and refused admittance to the enemy. Three times they demanded admittance in vain. She told them they should not enter—that that house was occupied by Americans, *not French*, that it was a private house, neither a lodging-house nor boarding-house.

As we were puzzled how to act, we wrote to Mr. Washburne to know if we should allow them to enter or not.

Mr. Washburne sent a gentleman of the Legation to say we were not to let them in; and as Mr. Washburne found several complaints to the same effect from Americans, he wrote a note to M. Jules Favre asking an explanation. M. Jules Favre replied that it must have been a mistake, and apologised.

The party at the gate, after seeing us enter, made no further attempt to get in, but went quietly across the street to a house where one of the party who had, we

presume, gone to investigate the affair, had received orders to enter.

Thus the first day passed away, and night came on in glorious splendour. "Is it possible," we asked, "to doubt of God's favour towards these people? The sun, the moon and all the heavenly host have lighted their course, and now the elements combine to make their stay a pleasure, a triumph, and a glory!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COMMUNE.

THE Prussians had come and gone, and during the painful episode of their brief occupation of Paris all things had passed off creditably. No insult had been given—none received; and the city was preparing to enjoy the blessings attendant on the termination of the long and severe struggle.

The only severe manifestation of the people's wrath after the departure of the Prussians, was the destruction of the café at the Rond Point, where a dinner had been prepared specially for the Prussians. This we deemed a just act, and no one regretted the proprietor's loss.

Our own position was now not enviable. President Grant's message, in which he congratulated the Germans on their victory, without bestowing a word of sympathy on the French in their humiliation and defeat, had deeply hurt and offended the sensibilities of the people. It is impossible to convey an idea of the indignation of the French at this affront, and we were frequently reminded by them that our President should have at least accorded sympathy to the French nation in return for the services of Lafayette in his own country's struggle. We were very sorry the President had thus hurt French feelings, when we remembered how strictly the Emperor and the French people had preserved neutrality in our civil war. But perhaps President Grant was not aware to what an extent the Emperor had been solicited to interfere, nor of the tempting bribe which had been held out to him in the offer of the South to place herself under the tricolour. For four years the Confederate Commissioners tried every means in their power to secure French aid,

but in vain. While some say the Emperor dared not accord it, the events of the last few months prove that he was deterred by higher motives.

We felt very uncomfortable in Paris, and Mr. Washburne was placed in a very awkward position. Yet we could not blame President Grant for feeling indignant in his turn when, after he had been the first to recognize the French Republic, they insulted his consulate and abused his minister.

We hoped soon, however, to ride over the waves of unpopularity, and patiently awaited a change in the popular sentiment. The citizens were preparing to make the best of things, and people were at work everywhere, cleaning, painting, washing and scrubbing their houses, while the Champs Elysées and the boulevards resumed their wonted gay appearance. The little tables were placed out of doors again, and around them were seated soldiers of the line, mobiles, and national guards, all taking a few moments' rest, and the disbanded

mobiles taking a farewell look at Paris before their departure to their distant homes in the provinces—their saddest march yet before them — the passing homeward through the ranks of victorious Prussians, disarmed and bowed under the shame of defeat. They were given their last rations, enough to last them to their journey's end, and all day long they passed us, while we stood to wish them in our hearts "God speed!"

The Government now began to disarm the National Guard, and to remove all the cannon. Belleville and Villette refused to surrender the cannon of Montmartre. The Government prepared to use force. Montmartre was surrounded by troops, and barricades were constructed by the men, women, and children of that neighbourhood, while the city was again thrown into terrible confusion and excitement—and on the 18th of March the murder of Generals Thomas and Lecomte inaugurated the civil war.

We were shocked beyond expression at

this horrible, lawless deed, and not even one word of reprobation was expressed the next day by the journals, or of compassion for these victims of an unholy conspiracy, while on the evening of the crime the theatres were crowded, and laughter and song seemed to drown the voice of conscience, if these people *have* any conscience.

The generals, who had been arrested at five o'clock, were judged, condemned, and executed at six o'clock, in a corner of a garden in the Rue Rosier—"Cornered," as Jules Favre says, by these brigands, whom he also calls "cannibals." These "cannibals" are, however, the same people who supported M. Jules Favre, who marched with him to the Hotel de Ville, who had constituted him chief of the so-styled "bloodless" Republic.

There is surely a grim irony in the comment of the following address, upon the virtues and qualities which M. Favre claimed for the Republic.

We cannot refrain from re-producing his

address to the Assembly at Versailles, upon this terrible and disgraceful topic :—

"M. LE MINISTRE,

"Ce crime souille la République de sang ; il fait apparaitre auprès d'elle le cortége de tous les crimes. Il ne peut être composé que de gens indignes, ne méritant aucune espèce de pitié, car ils n'en ont pas pour la civilisation et pour la France. (Bravos et applaudissements.)

"Eh bien, voici ce qu'ils écrivent dans leur journal, ceux qui gouvernent Paris, ceux avec lesquels il faudrait traiter, ceux qu'on espère désarmer avec un décret. (Ecoutez !)

"'Tous les journaux réactionnaires'—les journaux réactionnaires, ce sont ceux qui denoncent les assassinats—'publient des récits plus ou moins dramatiques sur ce qu'ils appellent l'assassinat,' c'est entre deux guillemets pour bien faire comprendre que ce n'est pas la pensée du rédacteur de l'article que je vous lis—l'assassinat des généraux Lecomte et Clément Thomas.

Sans doute ces actes sont regrettables. (Exclamations.) 'Regrettables! Regrettables!' Ceci est une honte, c'est un outrage à l'humanité; c'est un défi jeté à Dieu, auquel ces hommes ne croient pas assurément; c'est une insulte à tout ce qu'il y a de sacré dans ce monde. 'Ces actes sont regrettables,' voilà tout ce qu'ils ont à dire quand deux braves militaires ont été frappés, désarmés en présence des cannibales qui avaient juré leur meurtre et qui les ont poussés dans un coin de jardin pour pouvoir les tirer plus commodément à l'écart; vous appelez cela des 'actes regrettables!' Je dis quant à moi: Ecrire de pareilles lignes, c'est se juger soi-même devant le monde et devant la postérité. (Bravos prolongés.—Double salve d'applaudissements.)

"Mais il importe, pour être impartial, de constater deux faits: 1° Que le général Lecomte avait commandé à quatre reprises sur la place Pigalle de charger une foule inoffensive de femmes et d'enfants.

"Messieurs, je ne crains pas de le dire,

c'est une odieuse calomnie, et la meilleure preuve qu'on n'a chargé personne, c'est que les soldats ont été désarmés. Mais, le fait fût-il exact, quelle société, je vous le demande, peut vivre là où la loi ne s'exécute pas ? Quand ceux qui ont la mission de veiller à sa conservation, cédant, comme on l'a très bien dit, au cri d'une ville toute entière, après avoir attendu quinze grands jours, décident enfin que des armes, des munitions de guerre, dont l'accumulation peut faire sauter un quartier tout entier, rentreront dans les arsenaux, leur seule place légitime, et qu'une population résiste à une chose si juste, et qu'elle se jette sur les soldats, je dis qu'il n'y a pas de société possible, si de pareils actes ne peuvent pas être réprimés par la force. (Oui ! Oui !— Très-bien !) C'est là la législation de tous les pays libres, car il ne peut pas y avoir de liberté alors que la violence domine sous une forme quelconque. Quand la loi a prononcé, quand ses magistrats sont debout pour la faire exécuter, tous ceux qui s'opposent à l'éxécution de cette loi devien-

nent des seditieux et des criminals. (Vives marques d'adhésion.)

"Eh bien, Messieurs, encore une fois le général Lecomte, ou plutôt sa mémoire, n'a point à redouter le reproche que je viens de mettre sous vos yeux. Je ne dirai pas qu'elle en soit pure, car il ne pourrait pas peser sur elle, mais le fait est inexact. D'ailleurs,—pardonnez-moi cette réflexion, qui pour beaucoup d'entre vous semblera hors de saison, — dans une matière où l'indignation jaillit naturellement de faits qui révoltent toutes les consciences, quels sont les hommes vis-à-vis desquels nous sommes ?

"Le général Lecomte a commis des crimes, dit-on ! Mais qui l'a jugé ? Eh quoi ! lorsque, dans la société française il y aura eu une infraction à la loi, c'est la foule qui en sera juge.

"Le dernier des citoyens, le plus impur, le plus lâche fera l'acte de souveraineté qui s'appellera la justice ! Il prononcera en dernier ressort sur la vie de son semblable !

"Voilà, Messieurs, ce que l'on ose écrire à la honte du pays, de la justice et de la civilisation.

"Et quant au général Clément Thomas, le proscrit de décembre, le vieux républicain qui a confessé sa foi dans les épreuves les plus dures, voici ce qu'on dit de lui :

"'1° Que le général Clément Thomas a été arrêté au moment où il levait, en vêtements civils, un plan des barricades de Montmartre.' (Exclamations et mouvement d'indignation.)

"Vous le voyez, Messieurs, ici l'odieux le dispute au ridicule.

"Le général Clément Thomas était sur le boulevard Rochechouart ; il aperçoit des groupes, il veut intervenir dans un intérêt de pacification et d'apaisement. Il est entraîné; on le reconnaît ! C'est lui qui, en effet,—et ceci, Messieurs, est significatif,—c'est lui qui avait signé ces ordres du jour courageux, —on peut les appeler tels, après son héroïque sacrifice,—ces ordres du jour flétrissant les partisans de la guerre à outrance, qui n'avaient laissé voir à l'ennemi que leurs

talons . . . (C'est la vérité ! — Bravo ! bravo !)

" C'est parcequ'il avait fait ces ordres du jour, parcequ'il s'était montré ferme, qu'il est entraîné dans un repaire et qu'il partage le sort du général Lecomte. (Sensation.)

" Mais ces messieurs ne veulent pas décourager l'assassinat. On avait dit tout d'abord que ceux qui avaient mis une main criminelle sur ces deux victimes avaient été arrêtés. Non, il ne le faut pas ! ils ont bien voulu le laisser dire ; mais vous allez voir, il faut que la tradition suive son cours.

" Le général Clément Thomas tombe ! ils essayent de le calomnier quand il est mort, et la générosité de ceux qui siégent à l'Hôtel-de-Ville se traduit par ces mots,— car lorsqu'ils ont versé le sang d'un brave, ils le couvrent de leur venin ! ' Ces deux hommes,' disent-ils, ' ces deux hommes ont donc subi la loi de la guerre, qui n'admet ni l'assassinat des femmes ni l'espionnage.' (Exclamations.)

" Je crois, Messieurs, que comme membre

du gouvernement, j'aurais manqué à tous mes devoirs si je n'avais pas porté à la connaissance de l'Assemblée et de la France entière ces lignes odieuses, qui sont tout un programme de crimes, nous annonçant à quels ennemis nous avons affaire.

"Nous avons épuisé les temporisations, et si un reproche peut nous être fait,—on peut en adresser beaucoup, je le reconnais, à ceux qui pendant, de longs mois d'angoisses ont été chargés de la mission de gouverner Paris—ce reproche serait celui d'une excessive mollesse. (Oui ! oui !—C'est vrai !)

"Quant à moi, Messieurs, permettez-moi de ne pas descendre de cette tribune sans épancher mon cœur, en en laissant échapper l'une des nombreuses douleurs qui l'oppressent.

"Je n'ai pas à vous raconter à cette heure par quelles épreuves j'ai passé à ce moment suprême où Paris n'ayant devant lui que quelques jours de vivres, j'ai pris sur moi, avec l'avis des membres du gouvernement, de chercher à sauver en partie

ce qui le constituait, et surtout ce qui constituait la France.

"Alors, Messieurs, j'ai combattu trois jours durant l'exigence du vainqueur, et Dieu sait avec quelle insistance il voulait entrer dans Paris et désarmer la garde nationale ! (Mouvement.)

"J'ai cru qu'il était de mon devoir de lui éviter cette humiliation ; j'ai pensé qu'après avoir montré l'esprit héroïque dont elle avait fait preuve pendant le siége, la garde nationale comprendrait qu'elle avait un second devoir à remplir ; c'était de se servir des armes que je lui conservais pour assurer l'exécution des lois et le maintien de la paix publique. (Très-bien ! très-bien !)

"Je me suis trompé. (Nouveau mouvement.) J'en demande pardon à Dieu et aux hommes, pour me servir d'une expression consacrée, et lorsque j'ai entendu dire, —je ne voulais pas le croire !—le soir du 18 mars, que les malheureux généraux Lecomte et Clément Thomas avaient été assassinés par des gardes nationaux, oh ! ma conscience

s'est sentie bourrelée.. (sensation), et je me suis demandé si je n'avais pas trop présumé de ceux en faveur de qui j'avais obtenu une semblable stipulation.

"Eh bien! je les adjure,—car il n'est jamais trop tard pour revenir au bien, qu'ils le sachent,—la responsabilité qui pèse sur eux est immense; il dépend aujourd'hui de la garde nationale de Paris de consommer son déshonneur ou de se racheter. (Oui! Oui! Très-bien! Très-bien!)

"Il sera maintenant établi qu'on a voulu la sauver de l'ennemi, qu'on y est parvenu, qu'on lui a conservé les fusils dirigés pendant cinq mois contre les Prussiens, et que par un égarement criminel qui, je l'espère, n'a été qu'un moment de sanglante folie, s'emparant au milieu d'une population si diverse, de cette tourbe impure, qui contient tant d'éléments détestables."

M. LANGLOIS.—"Oh! c'est affreux! c'est atroce de dire cela!"

M. L'AMIRAL SAISSET.—"Oui! oui! tout ce qu'on vous dit là, elle l'a toleré!"

Voix nombreuses.—"C'est vrai! c'est vrai!"

M. LE MINISTRE.—"Mais qu'elle se rachète, qu'elle comprenne que le salut de la patrie,—je ne parle plus de sa dignité, de son honneur,—que le salut de la patrie est entre ses mains; que, quoiqu'il arrive, la souveraineté du peuple aura le dessus; et la France ne tombera pas en dissolution; et elle n'est pas réduite, par une défaillance qu'on lui a mal à propos prêtée, à courber le front sous le niveau sanglant qui est dans la main d'une minorité factieuse." (Oui! oui! Bravo! bravo!)

M. GASLONDE.—"Il faut faire appel à la province."

M. L'AMIRAL SAISSET.—"Oui, appelons la province et marchons, s'il le faut, sur Paris. Il faut qu'on en finisse!"

M. LE MINISTRE.—"Mais ce que je désire du fond de mon cœur, c'est que la garde nationale de Paris revienne enfin au sentiment de sa situation; qu'elle comprenne le grand mot: 'Noblesse oblige!' et qu'après avoir conquis devant l'ennemi, devant la

France entière, les plus beaux titres à l'admiration publique, il ne faut pas qu'en un jour d'oubli elle aille compromettre ses plus beaux priviléges. Il ne lui en reste plus qu'un à conquérir, c'est d'entendre votre voix et de faire justice enfin des misérables qui oppriment la capitale." (Bravos et applaudissements prolongés et répétés.)

It is wonderful to read this logical argument of M. Favre when he reasons on his own side of the question. I was really not aware that he could use a *just* argument until I read this masterly address. We could forgive him a great deal for the really heart-felt tone of his expressions, and when General Trochu nobly proposed the adoption of the families of the unfortunate generals, and M. Favre aided him in accomplishing this just and sacred desire, we felt perhaps his former acts towards the fallen and absent were errors of the head rather than of the heart.

The murder of Generals Thomas and Lecomte was the beginning of a new era of

horrors for unhappy Paris. Every one felt that war in its most fearful sense was again declared: that once more the victims of an insane policy were threatened with a renewal of suffering far more intense than any experienced during the siege. Then, at least, all Frenchmen were united against a foreign foe.

The Assembly established itself at Versailles, and, surrounded with what they felt an efficient army, proceeded to legislate and "resolve;" while Paris threw off the yoke, and proclaimed a commune, raising the red flag upon the Hotel de Ville, and tearing down the *affiches* of the Assembly, which they replaced by their own. They then prepared to enforce the execution of their commands. In the midst of all this excitement the "Friends of Order" hoped to bring about a reconciliation, and with this view marched through the streets, signalling to all peaceable citizens to join them.

On the morning of the 22nd of March they attempted a second effort, and formed at the Place de la Madeleine to make a

grand demonstration in favour of order. More than twenty thousand persons assembled; men in all conditions of life were amongst the number, some in "bourgeois" attire, others in the dress of the Garde Nationale, all wearing blue rosettes, and without arms. At the head of this column a banner was carried, on which were inscribed the words:

"Vive l'Ordre!"

"Vive la Republique!"

They passed slowly along, and the passers-by responded by

"Vive la Paix!"

"Vive la Republique!"

as they raised their hats. When this orderly crowd had reached the Place Vendome, several companies of the Garde Nationale placed themselves in line, and barred the road. The citizens conferred, and were about to send forward a *parlementaire*, when several shots were fired, some say by citizens, while others declared the aggressors were of the Garde Nationale. A cry of indignation arose from the crowd,

followed by more shots. Many fell dead upon the spot, and lay weltering in their blood, while the cries of the wounded were heard on every side.

The crowds dispersed through the adjacent streets in wild confusion, the shops were precipitately closed, and the passers-by hurried into carriages and omnibuses, rushing away from the dreadful spectacle.

In a window of the house No. 3, Rue de la Paix, in the third storey, stood Dr. de Bouchet and his two sons regarding the scene. At the moment when the shots were fired the elder of the young gentlemen, Dr. Victor de Bouchet, was hit in the knee, and was carried to his bed. His father, in great distress, sent for physicians, who pronounced the wound severe, but not dangerous.

This young gentleman, an American, was attached to the American ambulance, and was constantly engaged in tending the wounded. His amiable manner, kind attentions, and unassuming air, attracted all with whom he came in contact. We could

not but regret an accident which must deprive his family and friends of his society for a long time, but we were happy to know that his life was spared.

While this scene was taking place in the Place Vendome, our quiet abode was invaded by a nobleman of the empire, seeking protection. His residence near the palace of the Elysée was surrounded, and he knew not at what moment he might be arrested.

It was Sunday, and we had given orders that no one was to be admitted; however, between the hours of two and three o'clock I received a card from the Count de S—— saying he wished to see me.

I descended to the salon, and there met the gentleman, who, in great excitement, apologized for the intrusion, stating that his residence was environed by the insurgents, and he would be thankful if we could receive him for two or three days. I replied that we should be happy to receive him, and asked, "is it true that they have shot General Vinoy?"

"Yes," he replied, "and we know not how many others. I assure you these people are worse than the 'niggers.'"

"A great deal worse." I replied, "I think it quite a disgrace to the negroes that such a comparison should be made, for negroes were faithful to their masters."

But the Count was too much excited to discuss politics, and after asking pardon several times for the trouble he was giving us, he took leave, saying he would send his valet with his clothes immediately, and that he would be with us at half-past nine o'clock.

He had not ventured to use his own carriage, but had come in an ambulance carriage, and under the protection of the red cross. We had his room prepared, and at nine o'clock the fire was burning brightly, and all was ready.

Nine o'clock came, ten, but no Count. Surely, we thought, the villains have arrested him. We were in the greatest alarm all night, but what was our surprise

next morning to find the Count had fled to Versailles.

The émeute at the Place Vendome was followed by most tyrannical orders, numerous arrests were made, and all appearance of obedience to law or Government was at an end. The red flag was the only recognized authority, and it floated over the rights and privileges of all citizens.

The Commune threatened the Assembly of Versailles. M. Thiers and Jules Favre were condemned by the Commune, and their property was declared confiscated. The waves of Revolution rolled on, and we could easily discern the signs of a "hand to hand, man to man" strife.

It was a dreadful time when the first engagement took place between the Versailles troops and the National Guard; it was terrible to witness the coolness and indifference of the Parisians, and to hear with what heartlessness they spoke of the fallen.

Several engagements took place, and at last the journals called upon the women,

inciting them to follow in the footsteps of their glorious predecessors of 1793, imploring them to rally around the crimson flag, the only true one of Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité.

The Dames des Halles with one accord responded to this summons, and on the morning of April 3rd, 1871, went in a body to the Hotel de Ville, where they received orders to go forth and do battle for their hearths and homes. They marched from the Hotel de Ville bearing an immense red flag, and preceded by several battalions of gamins, to the Place de la Concorde, where they stopped for a few moments. Here they renewed, in front of the Statue of Strasburg, their vows of fidelity to the cause.

All at once, from the foot or base of the statue, there sprang up a little woman dressed in a black silk gown, a velvet hat and feathers, and whose face was shaded by a black lace veil. She was the smallest of the group, or rather crowd, and she rushed up to a young man who stood re-

garding the novel scene, and exclaimed, "I am a woman!"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it, madam," he timidly replied.

"What are you doing here, you coward?"

"Madam," he said, "perhaps you think I have not done my duty, but I carried my gun for six months."

"Go," she cried, threateningly, "and carry it again. Where is it now? Go, go! I am a woman, you coward!"

And one and all crying "Go, go!" they forced him to leave in a hurry.

They next took up their line of march for the Pont de l'Alma. Arriving at this point, they seized upon the omnibuses, and the drivers being about to dismount to give them entire possession, they seized them by the collars, and said, "You shall not budge from here until you take us as far as these omnibuses go."

The leader was a woman of at least sixty years of age, and carried the large flag, but there were hundreds of red bannerets

which looked like butterflies in the distance.

An officer of the National Guard offered to carry the large flag, but the old woman said she would part with her life before she would part with that flag; that she had gone to the Hotel de Ville for it, and that she intended to keep it for her children's children.

As soon as they were all ready to march, a section crossed the Pont de l'Alma and went towards St. Cloud, on the left bank of the Seine, while the rest marched in the same direction on the right. Many of them wore red capelines, and many were leading their children.

Off they went, laughing and chatting, carrying baskets as though going to a picnic. They were one thousand strong. About half an hour after they had left a heavy shower of rain fell, the drops were like large crystal globes, and it lasted about five minutes.

We looked out of the window as the rain ceased, and we beheld the most beautiful rain-

bow I ever witnessed spanning the sky. I had seen rainbows that were lovely, but the one of the 3rd of April, 1871, I can never forget. As we gazed the colours grew so vivid, that we could positively watch them brightening and deepening, and each colour shone in the heavens like a separate streamer of silk flung across the sky.

This wonderful rainbow lasted quite a quarter of an hour. We were silent, awe-stricken.

The night fell upon us in wretched suspense for the fate of those unfortunate misguided women. A short time after they had left a number of their companions were going down towards the Pont de l'Alma, when they met another crowd, on the opposite side of the street, returning. The latter party cried out, "Oh! you are too late!"

"What!" they answered, "have they gone?"

"Oh, yes, yes! all gone in good order!"

Whereupon the disappointed Amazons returned.

We could not sleep for thinking of these miserable, wretched women, and at each sound of the cannon we could fancy them in the agonies of death. This was the saddest day of my life, so far as strange human experience is concerned. We felt intense anxiety to see the papers next morning, and I prefer giving the news as it appeared in the *Cri du Peuple* of the 5th April.

LA BATAILLE.

LES COMBATS DE DIMANCHE.

On nous affirme que les gendarmes ayant fait prisonniers quelques gardes nationaux du 63° bataillon, au rondpoint des Bergères, les ont attachés à leurs chevaux, les ont traînés ainsi au pied du Mont-Valérien et les ont fusillés.

Les cadavres défigurés ont été retrouvés et rapportés à la mairie de Neuilly, où la foule se presse pour les voir. L'un de ces corps a été mutilé avec une barbarie sauvage.

Quatre gardes nationaux parisiens, faits prisonniers par les assassins de Versailles, ont été-fusillés immédiatement.

A Neuilly, les obus des ruraux sont arrivés jusqu'à la place de l'Eglise : on évalue à une soixantaine le nombre de ceux qu'ils ont lancés.

Il y avait, dans ce nombre, huit ou dix bombes incendiaires.

Les troupes de Charrette ont combattu hier *sous le drapeau blanc.* Chaque soldat avait sur sa poitrine un cœur de Jésus en drap blanc, sur lequel on lit ces mots :

" Arrête ! le cœur de Jésus est là !..."

La *Vérité* affirme que les zouaves pontificaux criaient : *Vive le roi !*

Le commandant du 218° bataillon a été tué.

Les 1res, 2° et 3° compagnies de marche de ce même bataillon ont subi des pertes sensibles.

La garde nationale a eu cinquante morts et une centaine de blessés.

Les troupes de Versailles ont perdu 60 hommes ; elles ont eu 150 blessés environ.

Quelques journaux ont annoncé que les troupes de Versailles auraïent repris le plateau de Châtillon.

C'est une erreur ; les forces de la Commune y ont été doublées dans la journée de dimanche. La porte de Châtillon est restée ouverte.

L'attaque de dimanche a été dirigée par le général Vinoy, le boucher de Décembre.

C'est sur son ordre que les obusiers ont ouvert le feu contre Paris. Plusieurs bombes sont arrivées au-delà de la porte Maillot, et des maisons de l'avenue ont été atteintes.

La caserne de Courbevoie a été littéralement criblée d'obus.

Dans la rue de Sablonville, un enfant de six ans a été trappé par un éclat d'obus versaillais, et tué sur le coup.

Nouveau rapprochement entre les hommes de Versailles et ceux de Berlin.

LES COMBATS DE LUNDI.

Parmi les blessés, se trouve le citoyen Balseng, ancien gérant de la *Patrie en danger.*

Le général Bergeret a eu deux chevaux tués sous lui.

Nous avons vu une cantinière de la garde nationale qui, frappée à la tête, a fait panser sa blessure, et est revenue prendre son poste de combat.

Du reste, beaucoup de femmes marchent à côté de leurs maris. Parmi elles, nous remarquons la citoyenne Eudes.

La cantinière du 168e bataillon a été tuée par un boulet.

Le 106e et le 100e bataillons ont marché contre les chouans et les pontificaux.

Dans les rangs du 61e bataillon combattait une femme énergique. Elle a tué plusieurs gendarmes.

Aux Moulineaux, un citoyen armé d'un revolver s'approche à dix pas d'un mur crénélé.

On lui crie : Rendez-vous ! Jetez votre arme !

Il répond par : *Vive la Commune !*

Une décharge l'etend à terre. Il était seulement blessé, et on ne désespère pas de le sauver.

Autre épisode.

Un garde est frappé par un éclat d'obus.

— Nom de Dieu ! s'écria-t-il, tas d'assassins.

Et il tombe en criant : *Vive la Commune !*

Le Mont-Valérien ne nous appartient pas, comme plusieurs journaux ont eu le tort de l'annoncer.

Mais l'artillerie a déclaré qu'elle ne tirerait pas sur les Parisiens.

Il y a, néanmoins, à redouter les batteries élevées par les sergents de ville sur les hauteurs de Suresnes.

L'attaque sur Versailles a eu lieu par plusieurs directions.

Des mouvements tournants ont été heureusement exécutés.

Les Membres de la Commune, revêtus de l'écharpe rouge frangée d'argent, ont pris part aux combats.

La plupart des bataillons ont brillamment fait leur devoir et montré le plus vif patriotisme.

La cantinière du 66e bataillon, citoyenne Lachaise, est une gaillarde et une crâne femme. Elle a bien mérité de Paris, et nous sommes heureux de le lui dire.

Cette brave femme du peuple n'a cessé, depuis trois jours, de faire le coup de feu dans les plaines de Châtillon et de voler au secours de ceux qui tombent frappés par les balles des sbires de Versailles.

Elle est à la fois soldat et chirurgien. Brave femme! il coule du sang de lionne dans ses veines.

Avant-hier, à Fleury, le 192e bataillon a perdu quinze hommes.

Non loin de lui combattait, le chassepot en main, la veuve du colonel Rochebrune.

— Je veux venger mon mari, disait-elle, que ces lâches ont assassiné !

Le 208e bataillon de Ménilmontant est arrivé hier au fort de Vanves, en criant : Vive la Commune !

La cantinière, Mme. Oudot, marchait en tête.

Cette malheureuse femme, parvenue aux tranchées avancées, a été frappée à la jambe par une balle.

Un capitaine du 136e, le citoyen Thibaut-Darbourg, courut chercher le chirurgien et les brancardiers qui vinrent, en portant déployé, le drapeau de l'ambulance.

Ils furent reçus par une pluie de balles qui ne discontinuèrent pas tout le temps que durèrent le pansement et le transport de la blessée.

Tant d'infamie ne trouvera-t-il pas son châtiment ?

La citoyenne Louis Michel, qui a combattu si vaillamment aux Moulineaux, a été blessée au fort d'Issy.

Une cantinière, qui etait sortie bravement faire le coup de feu avec sa com-

pagnie, a été poursuivie dans Neuilly par un gendarme, qui voulait absoment l'enlever. Elle s'est retournée tout à coup et l'a tué à bout portant.

Quand elle est rentrée dans l'enceinte, la foule s'est jointe à l'ovation que lui faisait sa compagnie.

The record of the women who had fought and fallen was too appalling to be soon forgotten. They had desecrated churches, imprisoned the priests, and our worst fears were realized when Archbishop Darboy was imprisoned. We had dreaded this, and now it had come, and as we thought of him as we had seen him only a short time before in the sunshine of his palace, we grieved to think of him now all alone in a gloomy prison cell. It was no wonder God should place his bow in the clouds as a reminder to man. And remembering how indeed in France the fountains of the great deep had broken up, and the deluge had come, I strove to look back to that token with hope.

A few days more, and I had left Paris, to remember those terrible phases of its history for ever, with all the horror, and more than the distinctness of a dreadful dream.

When I left Paris on the 10th of April, they were still fighting around the walls. I bade farewell to the unhappy city in tears, for though now certain of my own safety, anxiety for those I left behind made my departure most painful. As the train moved out of the station, I threw myself back in the carriage unable to take a last look at the scene I remembered so gay and beautiful, but which I left to the terrible vicissitudes, the inevitable miseries of civil war.

The following letter was the first communication which reached me after my arrival in England, received with what emotion I need not say.

"Paris, April 12th.

"DEAR ——,

"I cannot convey an idea of how happy I am to think you left so opportunely, for we have been in a constant state of excitement ever since your departure. Last night you would have died of terror. I send you a paper containing the particulars, but it fails to give an idea of it, and language I must say proves inadequate. It was just nine o'clock when I heard a very loud report of cannon in the direction of the former Prussian bombardment, one Sunday during the siege—just off to the right of our windows as you will remember. A few minutes and another more violent report, and then another, and yet another, when all of a sudden we heard something which sounded like the unloading of waggons, but as it continued too long to be ascribed to that cause, I went to the window and on opening the shutters, the sound which met my ears is indescribable. It can never be forgotten: it increased each moment until you might have supposed, as

I did, that they were fighting in the street below. The whole sky was lighted up from time to time with flashes from cannon, mitrailleuses, and guns. Imagine if you can thousands of guns going off every instant, together with other instruments of death, and you may form an idea of the sound—but cannot judge of the terror it inspired. I was however not afraid, the feeling was beyond fear. This horrible noise lasted for more than one hour.

"The avenue in which we dwelt was, as usual, crowded with men, women and children, some laughing, others chatting, but not a sign of distress or fear in one of their faces. These people are not human.

"I remained spell-bound at the window watching until the scene was over. It seemed to fascinate me—I could not quit my post, although very much exposed. Indeed I felt some of that spirit which horses are said to experience at the sound of cannon and the smell of powder—a sort of recklessness."

"April 13th.

"Yesterday I commenced this letter in the library, but was obliged to wait for calmer moments to finish it.

"We descended, fearing to see the top of the house carried off by balls coming from the direction of Neuilly; and to see the smoke rising above and around the Arc de Triomphe, you would suppose everything was on fire.

"Things grow hourly worse. All night they fought as they did on the previous night, and still continue this morning; however our friends still say 'no danger.' I do not know what is to become of these people. I sent blankets down to the library so as to be ready in case we should have to run down.

"The night of the 11th after the fight, I dressed in my crimson (or red) robe de chambre, and retired. I felt sure if an 'obus' killed me the war would end, as of course they would run as usual to see the remains, and finding me enveloped in flaming red, would, with their usual

bon esprit, conclude they had found the Goddess of Liberty, who had come forth from an 'obus,' something à la Minerva or Venus. I continue to wear this cardinal-colour in lieu of the cardinal virtues, as, if I get into danger, it will serve to declare my politics.

"You must not expect to hear from me often, as with the roar of cannon deafening me and making things fly around, generally, I cannot do much of anything. You must not be uneasy, as I think we are out of the direct line of fire. All around the Arc de Triomphe the houses are fairly riddled.

"I wish I knew the Emperor and Empress, for I would write to them, for now is their time to present themselves before their people. Never since the war began have they had so many friends, even the L——'s say, 'Oh if the Emperor could but return!' This is an unanimous sentiment, and I should die content to see the family restored.

"With this sincere hope, I conclude,

"Affectionately,

"L——"

"Paris, April 14th.

"DEAR ——,

"I wrote to you yesterday while the cannon was roaring in all directions. To-day we hear one only occasionally. I must tell you that the 'Dames des Halles' have proved themselves worthy of thanks in one respect. When their priest, the curé of St. Eustache, was arrested, they went *en masse* and demanded his release, which was granted without a *word!* You will see the arrest in the 'Moniteur,' but it does not give the particulars. Not so bad this after all for the 'Dames des Halles!' I heard this morning an amusing incident related to me by an eye-witness. The Commune, as you will observe in one of their 'Orders,' have agreed to provide for the widows of all who fall in defence of Paris. They propose giving a pension of six hundred francs for the widows, and three hundred francs for the children. The person I refer to said he never heard such abuse, or such a *cursing* as a fish-woman at the Place Vendôme gave her husband,

who had the misfortune, after being absent and unheard of or from for several days, to *turn up* yesterday. The 'dame' had just made application for her 'deuil,' grand deuil 'en costume,' and *now* to think that she was going to be disappointed at this unexpected *resurrection!* He says the woman was in a fearful rage, and all of them are speculating how they can live without work.

"They say it is a positive fact that all these women are crazy to have their husbands killed, and rail at them like furies when they appear after an engagement. On Sundays of course they must always have a fête. I am so rejoiced you are not here. Yesterday (Sunday) you would have been terrified to see the crowds. The avenue was filled all day with crowds of drunken soldiers. The night you left they robbed the church of the Madeleine. The curé is in prison (the Abbé de Guerry), as also the monks of some convent, the name of which I did not learn.

"The day you left, about half an hour

after your departure, a regiment passed, and in it women carrying babies in their arms, and they all seemed drunk with rage. If something be not done in a few days, I do not know what will become of these unfortunate beings. Do not be uneasy in regard to me. *I* am not afraid.

"Affectionately,

"L——."

"Paris, April 25, 1871.

"DEAR ——,

"There being a suspension of arms (or an armistice) of twenty-four hours, I took advantage of it to drive out, not having gone down to the court since your departure. I took Isabelle with me as a sort of hostage, in case there might be a renewal of the strife during my absence—it had the desired effect. I found 'all quiet on the Potomac' on my return. I do not know when I have suffered so much as to-day; not even the day we went to Charenton, were my feelings so harrowed. In the morning I let Celeste go to the Arc

de Triomphe to look around, as I knew she had a desire to see the 'debris,' and because she is appreciative, as you know, and that her time would not be lost. On returning at ten o'clock she said 'All Paris is out,' and that I ought to go. I acted on her suggestion, and do not regret it. I must tell you that she found just under the arch a piece of marble, which she insists is a part of the statue of our little baby in the group representing 'War,' just below the man and horse. She, you perceive, is desirous of adding to our collection of souvenirs. It is from the Arch, but whether from that particular statue or not I do not know.

"Before reaching the Arch there are several of those handsome buildings that have been struck, many of them, with every pane of glass shattered in pieces. Iron lamp-posts broken in two, tops of houses, trees, kiosks, in fact everything in a state of ruins after you have passed the Arch. The Arch itself is not so badly injured as I had read from accounts, and

expected to find it. I was quite delighted at this, for to me it was the handsomest ornament of Paris. We drove out as far as No. 75, Avenue de la Grande Armée, where we were obliged to stop, not only because of the barricades, but because the sentinels would not allow anyone to pass, saying it was that people from Neuilly might enter Paris, but not that any one should go there, the armistice had been granted.

"I got out of the carriage to endeavour to find an obliging sentinel at Charenton, but soon discovered it would be useless to try, so I waited to look on, as all seemed anxiously awaiting some friend, or perhaps some relative, as they sprang forward to peer into every carriage, waggon, or ambulance that passed the gate. It made my heart bleed as one by one they entered, men, women, and children, all bearing the traces of long-suffering and suspense. One group particularly impressed me. There was an open waggon, and on it was heaped what appeared to be their little all. On the top, on a mattress, sat

an old woman, whose age must have been eighty. She was half-sitting, half-crouching, holding on to the leg of a table, or a bedstead. The rough movement of the waggon I suppose, made her afraid of tumbling out Poor old woman! Her hair was white as cotton. Near her, but with his face turned towards the horse, sat an old man, evidently her senior, and another, but much younger, woman, with a boy beside her who drove. I thought what a terrible retribution must await those who have been the means of sending refugees into the midst of a city of heartless people—these wretched wanderers, old, poor, and doubtless friendless. I did so wish to take them home with me, and offer them an asylum until these dreadful times shall have passed away; but, as you know, I am always doing something of the kind with which my friends find fault, and as this is not my *own* house, I felt powerless to fulfil the promptings of my heart, and hope God will accept the will for the deed in this, as in

many other acts of my life, which I have been unable to accomplish.

"I remained about fifteen minutes there, and in that time thousands entered, some such as I have just described, and others in handsome equipages. Just as I was turning to leave, there appeared a large ambulance-waggon carrying the flag, and seated in the front with the driver was a Sister of Charity, while peering up over her large white bonnet were to be seen the heads of twenty little children, all anxious to get a peep at the crowd at the gate which stood open to receive them. It was a sad but beautiful picture, like that of an angel surrounded by cherubs. Poor sister! There she sat, pale as a statue, not an emotion visible in her countenance, but could you have seen the dear little heads around and above her, they did not seem to share her calm resigned look, but gazed curiously and inquiringly from one side to the other. Then followed another and yet another, until four or five had passed, all representing the same scene. 'Noble women, saintly.

sisters, what a life of toil and sacrifice, surely some day,' I thought, 'you will have your reward, and as you are now surrounded with children, so you will be in heaven with angels—angels of mercy on earth yourselves.'

"This scene was at the Porte de Neuilly, and I next drove to the Porte des Ternes, and a similar spectacle met the view there. We next drove to the Porte d'Asnieres, and to Porte St. Ouen leading to St. Denis. All presented the same desolation. Only to think that Paris—the city of Paris!—should be converted into a battle-field, and her most beautiful quarters laid waste—Oh, it is heart-rending!

"We passed from the Port St. Ouen down the boulevard of the same name, thence into the boulevards Clicy, Batignolles, and Courcelle by the Parc Monceaux, which from a carriage view seemed as beautiful as ever, but was closed. Entering the boulevard Wagram we finally reached the Arc de Triomphe. We then drove down the Champs Elysées, which, now that the

trees are all covered with foliage, and the chesnut trees in bloom, looked as beautiful and inviting as ever.

"I wished to see the barricades at the Place Vendôme, but when we arrived at the Rue Royale, we were obliged to turn up and go as far as the Rue St. Honoré to reach the Rue de Rivoli, as there is a formidable barricade of stone and sand-bags, with a trench of considerable depth below it, beginning at the Tuileries Gardens, that portion of the enclosure made of stone. They have extended the barricades over to the corner of that large building, (I think it is the office of the Minister of Marine), thus shutting in the Rue Florentin. There is also a barricade at the end of the Rue Royale, with a deep ditch also. They have not yet, I am happy to say, disturbed the Column of Vendôme, but two large Republican flags float from the railing at the top which surrounds the statue.

"Arriving at the Tuileries, I left the carriage for a walk in the gardens as the gates were open. Everything was green and

fresh; the waters playing made it look sadder than had all been quiet. I felt it was out of place. I saw a large number of soldiers and women in the palace, and presume they are anxious to show how really on equality they are with the nobility, for in front of the windows were several tables where they were enjoying breakfast in true French style—Republican style!

"Who knows but I may have been gazing on some of the members of the Commune and their worthy *citoyennes.* They know how to show the nobility that they are not afraid to act in a palace. Oh, what a set! Everywhere the red flag is seen floating. The garden of the Tuileries is full of lilacs, but no other flowers.

"While I am on the subject of lilacs, I will tell you a good joke on myself, as you know I never hesitate to tell a joke even at my own expense. One day last week I was sent a bunch of flowers, and as my hair was just dressed, the flowers looked so pretty that I could not resist placing a spray of the lilac in my hair. Not long

after, I was standing at the window, leaning over the railing; being unable to get out I endeavour to see all I can. I was there only a few minutes, when I saw a waggon—such a one as is to be found in France only—progressive France! — and harnessed to it, or on it, was a *horse* (not a *woman* this time!) a relict of the late siege. The driver was sitting on a barrel, and having imbibed freely of the water of life, the *quantum sufficit*, he was swaying to and fro, the rolling of the barrel adding grace to the movement. When he first came in sight I saw his horse had something covering his head, but as that is usual I thought it was one of those blue sheep-skins which you have often doubtless remarked. But, lo! to my horror and dismay the man had his horse's head literally covered with lilac blossoms, and from his own mouth hung a branch as long as my arm, and he the while looking as though he would every moment tumble from his cart or waggon. I was struck dumb, and called Celeste, as I would not let her miss

that. She looked at the horse—then at me and *my hair*, and throwing up her hands, she cried out, 'Oh, madame, *quelle farce!*' She flew from the window laughing excessively. I felt it a proper reproof, as my floral decoration was just as much out of time as that of the poor old wreck of a horse.

"I looked timidly up at the window of the party or parties opposite, to see if they were on duty *lorgnette* in hand, for it is wonderful to think what an interest they manifest in our welfare. I am rejoiced to state for once they must have been doing what they do not often trouble themselves to do—minding their own affairs, not one of them being at the window. Taking advantage of the moment, and the waggon which I thought would never get out of sight, I quickly withdrew to take a peep in the glass to see if I could convince myself that the siege had made quite such a havoc on me as of the poor old horse. I satisfied myself the flowers were quite becoming, so remained highly *décoré*, all day taking good

care, however, not to approach too near the window.

"I shall never forget my first attempt at trying to look, as Grizzy would say, a 'wee bit smart' after the siege of Paris. Indeed, had the horse been handsome it would have been another thing, but such a *poor old barebones.*

"And now, I must tell you, as Paris is nearly deserted, I begin to feel like Casabianca, and that all but *I* have fled. I have yet courage, and will 'dare the end!'

"Affectionately,

"L——."

We conclude our Paris Pictures with the fall of the magnificent Column of Vendôme, which has recorded in turn the glory and the shame of France. From the moment this act of vandalism had been proposed, we read each morning, with almost breathless haste, the news from Paris, hoping against hope that the Parisians would not add this to their list of dishonour, degradation, and disgrace. With the army of

Versailles at the gates the Commune hastened this work of destruction, as it wished to leave a mark of its despotic rule before its power should vanish for ever, and its Reign of Terror should end.

The Column of Vendôme has fallen, and is laid in the dust like the remains of the hero whose triumphs it recorded.

We have done. Our last picture we hang on Memory's walls, and dedicate to the French Republic.

THE END.

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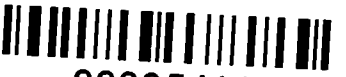
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